

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 262.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1906.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.0) AND EVENING (7.30),  
"Cinderella."

NEXT WEEK:

"THE ORCHID."

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,  
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 162nd prize has been divided between Mr. W. C. Davey, 8 Moreton-terrace, Charlton Kings, and Mr. Percy J. Piggott, 9 Windsor-street, Cheltenham, for reports respectively of sermons by the Revs. F. B. Macnutt at St. John's Church and the Rev. A. B. Phillips at Cambray Baptist Church.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

### THE PIG KILLER'S EPITAPH.

In case some readers were not able to decipher the inscription on the tombstone in Cheltenham Parish Churchyard of which a picture was given last week, we print it here:—

The Memory of John Higgs, Pig Killer, who died November 25, 1825, aged 55 years.

Here lies John Higgs,  
A famous man for killing pigs;  
For killing pigs was his delight,  
Both morning, afternoon, and night.  
Both heat and cold he did endure,  
Which no physician could e're cure.  
His knife is laid, his work is done;  
I hope to Heaven his soul is gone.



**MR. G. F. MOORE, J.P., OF BOURTON-ON-WATER,**  
SUCCESSFUL AMATEUR HORTICULTURIST.

### WHY NOT A FADS COMMITTEE?

It seems there should be some special enactment whereby faddists of every shade should be able to elect their own members. Some half a dozen members would suffice, and they might be given a separate room at Westminster, in which they could receive deputations from people with no sense of proportion, and introduce legislative inquiries into the fads of monomaniacs all day long. Thither could fare the gentlemen who imagine that a Stuart is about to be popped on

the throne at a moment's notice and also who want the legs of fowls examined weekly by properly constituted authorities in order that no disease may be spread by the medium of eggs, and who desire that people should travel on steamboats in icy fogs, and who declare that no children should be allowed to play with toys made in Germany—thither they should fare, and insist on precautionary measures being passed. It would save much time in the real House, and much temper outside of it.—"The Bystander."



FELICITE PERPETUELLE

[BY JEAN COURTENAY.]

"Felicity!"  
The weak tones carried tremulously through the quiet garden, and, in answer to the call, a girl rose from the daffodils, with which she was filling the basket, and sped quickly towards the house.

"Coming, dear!" she cried.  
As she reached the wide porch, she almost ran into the arms of a man, who laughingly barred the way.

"Please do not detain me, Mordaunt," she exclaimed impatiently. "Mother is calling me."  
"You are an ideal daughter, Felicity," he replied, stepping aside.

She flushed faintly, as if reading an implied reproach in his quiet words, and said, almost defiantly:—

"But I fail as a wife. Is that what you meant, Mordaunt?"

"Your perfect fulfilment of one duty surely casts no blame upon the other," said her husband, meeting her defiant look with steadfast tenderness.

"Yet you—are not satisfied with me?"  
"I admire your mother's daughter," he said, with a shade of bitterness, "but I long for my wife."

"She is my mother!" she interrupted haughtily; then, almost in a whisper, added: "And—you knew. I made no pretence."

"Yes—I knew. And yet I am waiting, with what patience I can muster, for the day when my heart's desire will be granted, when you will be, above all else, my wife—my *Felicite Perpetuelle*. Dear—I dare not lose that hope."

Her face softened a little; but before she had uttered a word, the invalid's voice again was heard.

"Felicity! Are you coming?"  
In an instant she was gone, and her husband, with a smothered sigh, went into the garden.

"God grant it was not a hopeless mistake!" he murmured, as he stood eyeing with dissatisfaction a small rosebush near the porch. "I did it with full knowledge of her indifference—I knew, as she said just now. She was perfectly frank, as she always is. Her mother was her one thought—her comfort, the one object of Felicity's existence. And I tempted her with the luxuries and alleviations my wealth would procure for that beloved parent till she consented to marry me. That's just about how the matter stood a year ago—and now? We are as much strangers as we were then. She orders my house and servants, plays an enchanting hostess to my guests, is a devoted nurse as well as daughter to her mother (who is fading away, notwithstanding all her care, and in spite of her sacrifice), and neglects not one iota of her duties, save that troublesome and superfluous being—her husband."

He laughed half scornfully as he carefully removed some green fly from the sickly rose-bush and examined its leafless branches. "Poor fool!" he exclaimed, "who can do nothing but cry like a spoilt child for the moon he desires."

Getting up from his close inspection of the plant, he fetched a can of water, and gave it to the almost lifeless-looking rose-bush.

"Never say die" must be my motto, he mused.

"What do you find so absorbing in that dead rose tree, Mordaunt?"

His wife's politely frigid tones suddenly started him from his soliloquising.

"It's not dead yet, dear." Then, after a moment's pause: "Do you know what rose it is?"

"Not in the least. Tell me."

"I planted it soon after we were engaged," he said slowly. "I hoped it would have taken root here and flourished. I pictured it a wealth of fragrant flowers showering their sweetness upon me in answer to my love and care. Look at it! Leafless—flowerless—just alive, and nothing more; refusing to be reconciled to its lot—unhappy, and refusing comfort."

"You are quite poetical over it," laughed his wife. "It doesn't look worth troubling about to me. Why don't you give it up?"

"I shall never do that as long as I live," replied her husband, almost forgetting in his earnestness the type for its prototype. "I shall

never lose hope, while one spark of life remains in it, that one day it may yet bloom and be happy."

"And its name? You have not yet enlightened my ignorance on that point."

"Its name is *Felicite Perpetuelle*."  
She started, and her face grew hot; then, as quickly, the blood receded, leaving it whiter and colder than before.

"You are, I fear—" she hesitated.  
"Well? Won't you finish your sentence?"

Her husband stooped towards her, and, for the first time, she noticed the deep sadness of his face; the threads of silver that had surely not been present in his dark hair a year ago. And a wave of pity surged up within her for this man, with his unflinching kindness, his unceasing devotion towards her—who gave him nothing.

The feeling seemed to stifle her, and slow, unaccustomed tears gathered in her dark eyes. Her husband saw them, and they gave him courage to draw her slim figure within his arm as he bent his head still nearer to hers and whispered: "Tell me, Felicity."

But she drew herself away, and answered, without looking at him:—

"I was only going to say—that—it doesn't look hopeful, I'm afraid."

"But appearances are deceitful—sometimes!" cried her husband eagerly. "Look here. And, impelled by something in his tone, she stooped beside him, and saw that his finger was pointing to a tiny swelling on the stem, which looked as though perhaps it might mean some day to be a bud.

"Do you see that?" he said softly, as he met the wondering look of her still dewy eyes. "I think your tears have started it into life, my dearest!" And suddenly he laid a kiss upon her lips.

That kiss had curiously affected Felicity. True, her husband was not in the habit of kissing her; kisses had not been included in the programme of wedded life which they were rather wearily sitting out, and that might account for the pertinacious way in which that stray one remained in her memory. But then she had never wanted him to kiss her! She would, in fact, have been seriously against such a proceeding had he suggested it. Perhaps its suddenness had robbed it of its unpleasantness, for she could not honestly say that she had disliked it.

But there was more than that.  
It had altered her attitude towards Mordaunt. She found it harder than she could have believed it possible to keep up the cool friendliness and indifferent politeness which had hitherto marked her intercourse with him. She could no longer meet his eyes with steady frigidly; that absurd kiss kept coming between, and her lids lowered in spite of her, and her cheeks grew rosy. It was most vexatious!

And sometimes—but this thought she was ashamed to meet even in the strictest privacy—she had an insane wish that he would do it again! Clearly a kiss was a very dangerous thing to trifle with.

It had affected Mordaunt, too, she was sure. His face was not now really half so sad as she had thought it that day (somehow Felicity had acquired a habit of dating all that happened to her now as either previous or subsequent to that momentous morning!), and there was a little demon of mischief in his eyes, whose smile was so dreadfully infectious that she was afraid of meeting it for fear of disgracing herself for ever—and joining in.

And then, although Mordaunt was as courteous as ever, he was also nearer. He had somehow made that kiss the key to a door that she had always kept locked, and now she could not keep him outside any longer. Perhaps it was only a question of time, and she would recover her individuality which now felt so dependent on his. But she was shamefacedly conscious that at present she had no wish that this should happen.

Life left fuller and grander and much more beautiful, and nature seemed to encourage her to rejoice and be merry, with its tender green leaflets and spring flowers.

She paid surreptitious visits to the rose-bush; she watered it regularly; she turned faint with anxiety over the mystery of that tiny swelling. Would it turn out indeed to be a bud, or was it the last flicker of life, and would the tree die? She had a superstitious feeling that her whole future happiness depended on that swelling's ultimate development.

Perhaps her visits were not quite so secret as she fondly imagined. Certainly there was a triumphant gleam in Mordaunt's eyes whenever he found that the earth round the rose-bush showed signs of recent watering, though it may have been caused by pleasure that his gardeners did their duty.

One day, when Felicity was presiding at the breakfast-table, a picture of dainty freshness and cool composure, her husband remarked that the rose-bush he had been so anxious about—did she remember it? The one just outside the porch—had unfolded two leaves, and he felt confident that it would now do well. And there is no shadow of doubt that he appreciated to the full every shade of feeling that chased each other across his wife's tell tale face as he spoke. The sudden alarm, the overwhelming relief, the hot shame at that relief, none were lost or misunderstood, and when he quietly and confidently placed his hand over hers as it lay on the table it was not till an appreciable interval of time had elapsed that she withdrew it gently and asked whether he would take a second cup.

And after breakfast was over he wickedly retired to a favourite position of his in the garden, from which he distinctly saw Felicity go down on her knees beside the rose-bush, and after patting the earth and removing every sign of blight or other marauder, bend her proud little head and kiss with undisguised delight the two pale green leaves it now boasted. He only considered it a pity that the rose-bush should have been the recipient of such treasures instead of the rightful person for whom he felt sure they were really intended.

But that's neither here nor there.  
It was a glorious September that year.

I merely mention this in passing, because it really would not have matter to them, I believe, if the weather had been absent altogether.

Her mother had passed away early in June, and soon after they went abroad. I daresay the really large things—those that loom big and cannot be ignored—such as Custom-house officials, hotel proprietors, French garlickability, and German appetites, were forced upon their notice, but less obtrusive things were certainly outside their combined consciousness.

They came home in September, and the morning after their arrival Mordaunt entered the breakfast-room with one hand held behind his back.

"Guess what I have here, darling," he cried gaily.

"An appetite for breakfast," was the prompt reply.

"Clever child," said he, sitting down beside her, and finding all happiness radiating from her face. "Don't you want to know?"

"Of course I do. Tell me," she answered leaning her head towards him.

"What will you give me for it?"  
"Greedy boy!" she said laughingly, as she held up her lips to his. "Show me."

He laid before her a spray of creamy blossoms, which filled the air with their delicious fragrance. Then he drew her tenderly into his arms and whispered:—

"My queen of roses! My *Felicite Perpetuelle*."

BECAUSE OF ONE.

✕

Because of one dear infant head  
With golden hair,  
To me all little heads  
A halo wear;  
And for one saintly face I knew  
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide earnest eyes  
Of heavenly blue,  
Which look with yearning gaze  
My sad soul through,  
All eyes now fill mine own with tears,  
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked lips  
Which once did call  
My name in plaintive tones,  
No voices fall  
Upon my ears in vain appeal  
From children small.

Two little hands held in my own,  
Long, long ago,  
Now cause me as I wander through  
This world of woe  
To clasp each baby hand stretched out  
In fear of foe.  
The lowest cannot plead in vain,  
I loved him so.

—"Our Home."



Gloucestershire Gossip.

We have got through two of the six months of the hunting season proper with but very little frost or fog to stop operations. During December the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, as might be expected of them when hunting six days a week, had the most notable runs—on the 2nd two, each with a six-mile point, the latter with a kill; on the 20th one of 95 minutes' duration, hounds running quite twelve miles and killing; and on the 22nd two, each of about 70 minutes, both with kills, the second ending in Lord Fitzhardinge's country. On Dec. 8th the North Cotswold ran sixteen miles, but without a kill. The Heythrop had at least two clinking runs—on the 12th, one lasting two hours, with a kill; and on the 22nd, another lasting two hours and twenty minutes, hounds running quite seventeen miles and killing their fox in Bruern Wood. The best days with the Cotswold were on three successive meets in the week before Christmas—75 minutes on the 16th, in Withington district; 70 minutes on the 18th, with a kill on Crickley Rocks; and 70 minutes on the 19th, from Norton to Elmbridge. A short run out of the ordinary was the first that the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) had at Cirencester on Boxing Day, after a poultry-fancying fox that had been captured up a willow tree at Siddington on Christmas morn and put in a bag and kept for hounds. The month has not passed without accidents, Mr. John Fuller, M.P., injuring his collar-bone with the V.W.H. at Charlton Park, and Mr. Harry Green sustaining a similar injury when out with the Ledbury. Charlie Beaucham has recovered from his injury and resumed duty as first whip with the Cotswold again.

I wonder if any of my readers have ever received a letter purporting to be from a man languishing in a Spanish prison and who is dying (for a pecuniary consideration of course) to put them in the way of reaching and securing some alleged hidden treasure. For years past I have read of or seen such letters, and at intervals have noted statements in newspapers that the Spanish police have dealt with these Madrid Jeremy Diddlers, who prey on the gullibility of some of the British public. Still, I find that the same old game is going on, for a friend of mine in the Cathedral City has just received the following letter:—"Prison Militar of Madrid. Dear sir and relative,—Having not the honour to know you, but for the references which my dead wife, your relative, gave me, I address myself to you for the first time and perhaps the last in considering the grave state of my health, owed to my long staying at America, explaining you my sad position, and requesting your protection for my only daughter child of 15 years old, who I keep as a pensioner in a college. As I am strictly watched for my enemies I hope you will reveal not to nobody the most insignificant detail of this letter. At a bank of London is deposited a sum of money £22,000 Sterling payable to the bearer that the bank which belong to me. What I expect you is to know if you will be ready to secure the chek and to take care of my daughter by a reward of the fourth part of said being your duty to advance the necessary funds for to acquire the chek. As I am at prison and I know not if you will receive this letter I can write fouthter particulars I will do so as soon as receive your reply. As it is prohibited to me to receive any direct public correspondence I expect you will send the letters to the name of the servant of my protector. I trust to your discretion the future of my darlings daughter meantime. I remain your faithfully and relative, Augustin Laferente." Then follow a name and address in Madrid. My friend, I need scarcely say, is not a man to be caught by such bait, and he attributes the angling to hazardous cast of the line by letters. The communication is certainly a curious one taken verbatim et literatim.

A GIRL'S EDUCATION.

Don't you agree with me (asks Mr. Keble Howard in the "World and His Wife") that a girl who is not compelled to earn her own living need have very little book knowledge in order to become a cheerful and intelligent companion? I mean to say, the things that your dear husband expects you to know are not to be found in books. I defy you to name the book that teaches you never to quarrel with him when he is tired, or the book that will make a foolish housekeeper wise, or a fretful mother placid, or a selfish wife unselfish.

THE BATTERSEA BRUMMEL.

Mr. Burns has trod the narrow plank of popularity without losing his head. He has received enough flattery to sap the character of a strong man. But his outlook upon life is so broad, and he has such a strong sense of humour so often denied to Labour leaders, that he has passed through the ideal unspoilt. He never poses, though he has his little fads, of which the blue suit and the bowler hat is one. It is his dress of ceremony, and it should be remarked that the blue suit is of irreproachable cut, and the bowler hat most scrupulously brushed. Of his manners it may be said that he is of the kind that adorns any society he happens to be in.—"The By-stander."

THE VELOCITY OF LIGHT.

Think of the velocity of an express railway train as it dashes past a platform. It seems to approach, to pass, and to vanish in a moment. Then, stand near a rifle range, and note how rapidly the impact of the bullet on the target succeeds the flash accompanying its discharge. The rifle-bullet takes but little more than a second to traverse the same distance which the train accomplishes in a minute. Rise one step higher; look at a meteor as it dashes into our atmosphere, to perish in a streak of splendour. The meteor moves faster than any rifle-bullet—in fact, its velocity is nearly one hundred times greater than that of the missile from any weapon which human hands have ever fashioned. Surely it would seem, at first sight, that the speed of a meteor must be as great as any speed which it would be possible for us to investigate? But we have not yet nearly reached the velocity which we have to deal with in the case of luminous undulations. We have to make a far greater advance. Think of the speed at which a little child runs across the room, and think of the speed with which a shooting star darts across the sky. Then work out the following sum in proportion: As the velocity of the shooting star exceeds the velocity with which a child can toddle, so does the velocity of light exceed the velocity of the shooting star.—From "The Story of the Sun."

VAGRANCY AS A DISEASE.

Doubtless one of the many social problems which will tax the energy and wisdom of the recently-appointed Poor-law Commission is that of vagrancy. Now, as always, the vagrant is ubiquitous. As soon as the halcyon days of the monasteries were over, a persistent persecution of the beggar began; but in spite of the harshest and most cruel laws he still continued to prowl over the country and levy his annual tax upon the benevolent, until at last, seemingly from sheer weariness of effort, the public have come to regard the vagrant as an evil which must be patiently endured. It is true that vagrancy is officially regarded as beyond the pale of the law-abiding citizen; nevertheless the fault is esteemed lightly and, indeed, is perhaps rather fostered than retarded by certain details in the administration of relief under the Poor-law. The evils of vagrancy are sufficiently well known. The wandering beggar is a frequent carrier of contagion and a potent factor in the distribution of small-pox and other infectious disorders. Hence he ought to be regarded not merely as a useless burden, but as an actual menace to society. Lunatic asylums were originally established not on behalf of the sufferers from mental disease, but rather to protect the public from the irresponsible actions of the insane. None the less these institutions have permitted scientific study of the mentally afflicted, and have resulted in discoveries which have proved to be of the utmost benefit to both the patients and the public. Is it too much to hope that the collective treatment of vagrancy may soon be adopted with similar beneficial results? Medical officers of workhouses and prisons have stated that vagrancy is a disease and should be treated as such, and that to enforce penalties for it as though it were a crime is as unreasonable as to treat the lunatic by similar methods. This, we think, is the keynote to the problem. It explains why the barbaric cruelties of the Tudor period entirely failed to suppress vagrancy, and it points out the only path along which there is a hopeful prospect of ameliorating a great national evil.—"The Hospital."

A SPELLING TEST.

If you can spell every word correctly in the following rhymes—all legitimate expressions—you may consider yourself qualified to teach spelling:—

Stand up, ye spellers, now, and spell—  
Spell phenakistoscope and knell;  
Or take some simple word as chilly,  
Or gauger or the garden lily.  
To spell such words as syllogism,  
And lachrymose and synchronism,  
And Pentateuch and saccharine,  
Apocrypha and celadine,  
Japnine and homocopathy,  
Paralysis and chloroform,  
Rhinoceros and pachyderm,  
Metempsychosis, gherkins, basque  
Is certainly no easy task.  
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,  
Kamchatka and erysipelas,  
And etiquette and sassafras,  
Allopathy and rheumatism,  
And cataclysm and beleaguer,  
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,  
And hosts of other words all found  
On English and on classic ground.  
Thus, Behring Straits and Michaelmas,  
Thermopylae, jalap, Havana,  
Cinqufoil and ipecacuanha,  
And Rappahannock, Shenadoah,  
And Schuykill, and a thousand more,  
Are words some prime good spellers miss  
In dictionary lands like this.  
Nor need one think himself a scroyle  
If some of these his efforts foil,  
Nor deem himself undone for ever  
To miss the name of either river—  
The Dneiper, Seine, or Gaudalquiver.  
—"People's Friend" Almanac

A RAILWAY COLLISION TO ORDER.

The railway wreck is a horribly fascinating thing. Indeed, in the category of catastrophes to which civilisation is heir, only the collision on the high seas can eclipse the smash of the iron horse in repulsive attraction. Nero, in the days of needless carnage, for the entertainment of his subjects, once arranged an actual naval battle. Tiers of seats were erected on the shore, as in a vast amphitheatre, but there is no record of pleasure and excursion boats having transgressed the course of the fighting fleets. A writer in the "Penny Magazine" says that probably the nearest approach to the Roman tyrant's spectacle was in 1896, when, for the dual purpose of advertisement and the raising of campaign funds to further the cause of William Jennings Bryan against the late President of the United States, the Democrats of the silver State of Colorado conceived the vastest show of modern times. It was no less than a prearranged railway collision. Two great engines—condemned for some reason—were procured, and a mile of spur track constructed. The expense was entered into partly by the railways, as a means towards the prevention of future accidental collisions; the boss railway wreckers from all parts of the country gathered at the scene to study the smash. A vast arena was constructed around the meeting point of the two creatures, and the seats sold at a high figure. All the morning excursion trains from Denver carried loads of sensation-loving mankind out to the selected spot in the prairies. "Mark Hanna" and "William McKinley," as the engines were named, stood for inspection at the point at which they were to meet in their single deadly stroke. At the appointed time the clocks of the respective engines were set together to a second. The engineers shook hands and backed their steeds away from each other. The stokers of each had the safety valves throbbing when the moment of attack was at hand. When the clocks touched that second the throttles were pulled wide, the crew leapt for their lives, and the monsters bounded and tore at one another. Men with telescopes grew pale, speechless. In seconds—hours they seemed—the things were within close range. The horror spread through the crowd. No sound was uttered save by the battling creatures, with belching smoke stacks and screeching whistles. It was too late—no human hand could stop them now. A fireman sat fixed unflinching, at his post. Had he sold his life to perfect the horror—to add human blood to the sacrifice? A broken-hearted lover, some surmised. But ere this thought flashed through their brains the catastrophe had come to pass. The first spectators reviving from the shock rushed to do what they could for the poor fellow or to gather his remains. They took home samples of his inside, for they were of sawdust.





**MORETON-IN-MARSH COTTAGE HOSPITAL.**

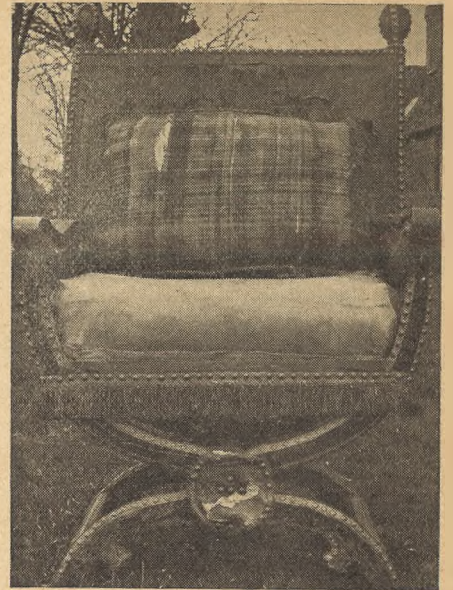
More than ordinary interest is attached to Moreton-in-Marsh Cottage Hospital, which was erected in 1873 and enlarged in 1879, and which has proved of inestimable good to the people residing in this pleasant part of the Cotswolds.

The hospital contains eleven beds. Last year was added a well-lighted operating theatre at the expense of the late Captain Piers Thursby, and other additions included a magnificent staircase, provided by public subscriptions. It is fortunately seldom that all eleven beds are occupied simultaneously.

The Board-room deserves special attention, for in it, enclosed in a glass case, is the chair (as shown in photo), with cushion and footstool, in which King Charles I. sat during his trial in Westminster Hall. This chair was presented to the hospital by the late Mr. Sands Cox, who

obtained it from Lady Fane, of Little Compton, in the county of Warwick, who was a direct descendant of Bishop Juxon. The same room in which this interesting relic is preserved was also the gift of the late Mr. Sands Cox, as well as the well-carved antique furniture, which is of course now of special value.

The following is a copy of a will respecting the hospital:—"In memory of William Sands and of my sisters-in-law, Oliva and Jane Payne, deceased, I bequeath to the treasurer for the time being of the said Cottage Hospital at Moreton-in-Marsh aforesaid the sum of three thousand pounds three pounds per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities, free of legacy duty; and I direct that the sum of one thousand pounds three pounds per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities, part of the said sum of three thousand pounds, shall be sold and the



**KING CHARLES'S CHAIR.**

proceeds thereof expended on the erection of a Board-room and other additional accommodation for said hospital, and the sum of two thousand pounds three pounds per cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities remaining, part of the said sum of three thousand pounds like annuities, shall be held as an endowment fund and invested in such names as the Governors for the time being of the said hospital shall think fit, and the dividends thereof applied by them from time to time for the purposes of the said hospital; and I direct that the incumbents for the time being of Barton-on-the-Heath aforesaid and of Bourton-on-the-Hill, in the county of Gloucester, shall be ex-officio members of the committee of the said hospital."

[We are indebted to Mr. S. F. Hunston, secretary to Moreton Hospital, for the above photos.]

**THE EFFECT OF GOOD CLOTHES.**

"I would recommend," said the man of fallen fortunes, "that every man keep where he can see it a photograph of himself as he looked at his best, in good clothes, as an incentive to him to keep up appearances," writes a "T.A.T." contributor. "Next to a stout heart, nothing helps a man so much in the world as a good appearance, and it often happens that unless a man presents a trim and slightly exterior he can't even get past the barriers that hedge in the strong man he wants to reach, the man of intelligence, as well as of power and authority, who is able to judge a man independently of his clothes. All of which is brought to me by the finding of a picture of myself, taken twenty years ago, when I wore good clothes, trim garments, and faultless linen and perfectly kept shoes. Homely details these, but the picture, come upon suddenly, brought to me for the first time strikingly the difference in myself between that time and this; now, not unkempt, perhaps not untidy, but still approaching to shabbiness, wearing abroad garments in which I then would never have dreamed of appearing, and content—and here is the dreadful trouble—content to appear in them. For we do not realise the gradations by which we descend; we don't realise what we have come to look like; we are satisfied with ourselves as we are. And we may have constant friends upon whom, as upon ourselves, the change in us has come gradually, who may give little thought to it. But even they do insensibly realise it, and it has its effect upon them, you may be sure; while upon the stranger—highly important is it for you to get this firmly fixed in your mind—upon the stranger the impression you produce is of what you are to-day. He doesn't know what you once were—how could he?—he assesses you for what you appear to be to him. And he isn't far wrong."

**TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS FOR HUSBANDS.**

The Dessau "Volksblatt" publishes the following ten modern commandments for husbands:—

1. Always remember that, whilst you are master in your own house, you are not to be a tyrant.
2. Don't forget that your wife is no angel, but a human being with all sorts of imperfections which you must bear with patience just as she has to do yours.
3. Remember that in most cases the woman is physically weaker than the man, and that she performs her daily, fatiguing household duties because she has more spirit than strength.
4. If you don't in the least understand these duties then you have no right to consider them lighter than your own: as a rule one only sees what a woman's work is when she herself is ill in bed.
5. Ever keep in mind the proverb "The truly noble man easily over-appreciates what he cannot do himself, but the mean man underestimates it."
6. Give your wife separate amounts for the housekeeping expenses and for her own personal requirements. Don't let her bear all the anxiety of providing the necessaries of life, but discuss in a friendly manner with her what reductions of expenditure may be desirable. Let both surrender, when necessary, costly habits, and remember that the home happiness is always most precious when it has to be purchased at the cost of great sacrifices.
7. Be always ready with a word of hearty praise for any capacity which your wife shows in housekeeping and also with tender expressions of your affection for her. She will amply reward you when you are weighed down with business cares.
8. Let justice be your most precious virtue in the home life. Don't show any favouritism to-

words those of your children who perhaps know how to flatter you better than the other and more reserved ones. Favouritism on your part is a sore trial to the mother's heart.

9. Always ask your wife for the reasons for her conduct before you blame her. Above all never blame her in the presence of the children. This makes her task of educating them doubly difficult.

10. If you have had a misunderstanding or a quarrel remember the sacred words, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Seek an early reconciliation and thus avoid drifting apart in your sympathies and lives.

**ART OF GETTING OFF A TRAM.**

"I have been trying to discover what your system is in helping women off the tram," said the man in the corner inside seat to the conductor. "I thought at first that you assisted only elderly women. Then, when I saw you help three or four young women, I thought perhaps it was their good looks that appealed to your gallantry. But you knocked that theory on the head when you assisted that sour-faced, ugly creature. What is your system, anyhow?" "It's very simple," replied the conductor. "I help only those women who seem to need assistance. The others I don't bother with. I know the minute a woman rises in the tram whether she is the sort who will need my help in alighting or is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. If the woman marches to the door the minute she signals for the tram to stop, and then grabs the rail so that she won't be thrown at the sudden jar stopping, I know she will get off with her face to the front and needs no help. But if she rises just as the tram is about to stop and lurches and bumps along to the door, I know she needs a helping hand, whether she be young or old, pretty or the reverse, for if left to herself she will get off backwards."—From "T.A.T."



TUNING UP FOR PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

Naturally enough, of the 670 members of the House of Commons, some do not make speeches, and some who do speak need little in the way of "tuning up" (says the writer of an article entitled "Tuning Up the Political Orator" in "Cassell's Saturday Journal.") These latter are usually those who are practically the same men in the House as they are in their own homes. Mr. David Lloyd George, for instance, is naturally self-assertive, jaunty of air, and full of liveliness, which characteristics merely become accentuated when he is speaking in public. So with various others. Many persons who have noted what an alert and wary antagonist in debate Mr. Chamberlain is, learn with surprise that in private life he is of a very restful disposition. Some politicians have been helped by their mothers when "tuning up," particularly for earlier speeches, such support being additionally effective when the mother happens to be specially ambitious as to her son's future. Here, Mr. Winston Churchill is a notable example. He became a member of Parliament at a comparatively early age—twenty-five—and is unmarried; and his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. Cornwallis West, has always striven to plan a great career for him. Many of the secrets of "tuning up" are hidden from the outside world. There are orators who, though they rise to their feet with composure, and speak with apparent ease, are yet tackling an uncongenial task. Mr. John Morley once declared that there was an atmosphere of personal contention in the House of Commons that disgusted him. Yet none is more brilliantly eloquent there than he. Where the orator is not really a born speaker it may on occasion be only by the most careful "tuning up," that he is enabled to speak effectively. Two more curiosities of "tuning up" may be added. Mr. John Redmond, if ever he needs bracing for his impulsive Irish oratory, is said to find aid in quoting Shakespeare, of whose lines he is an exceedingly talented interpreter. And Mr. Will Crooks, the Labour member, when feeling not quite equal to a coming speech, obtains the necessary brain-refreshing tonic by visiting the children in the workhouse schools.



Mr. William Garne,  
OF ALDSWORTH, NEAR NORTHELEACH,  
PRESIDENT COTSWOLD SHEEP SOCIETY,  
1906.

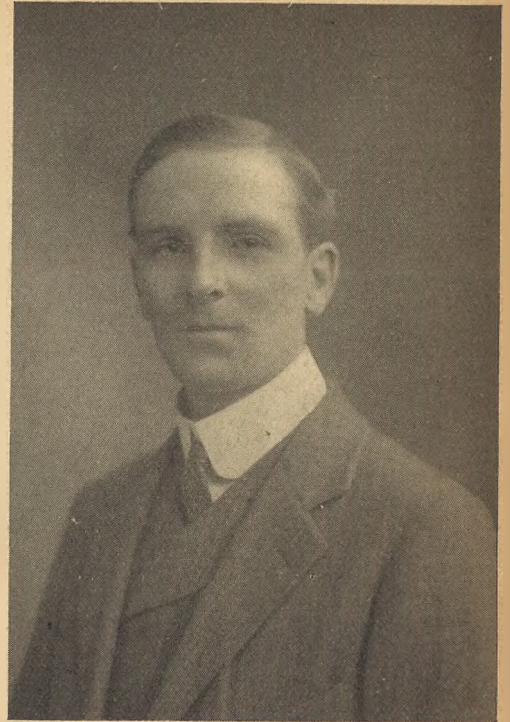
WHERE BRITONS ARE BEATEN.

There may or may not be justification for the general cry of British decadence, but it is a fact that John Bull nowadays frequently plays the role of pupil in matters and affairs concerning which he was once the supreme master, writes a "T.A.T." contributor. Let us be strictly up to date and bestow our rueful attention for a moment on the all-conquering New Zealand team of Rugby footballers. Up to the time of penning this article they have conquered every English and Scotch team opposed to them, and fallen only before gallant little Wales. Their bag of points is too terrible to contemplate. And yet but a few years ago a Britisher considered (and justly, too), that any third-rate United Kingdom team could tackle and defeat the cream of any other country's footballers. Now the story is changed indeed. To-day all our Rugby fifteens are sedulously endeavouring to copy the New Zealand team's formation. For it may be explained, to enlighten the uninitiated, that the New Zealanders have not been content with the old British methods. By dint of ceaseless experiment and brainy deliberation they have evolved their own particular style, and since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, there can be little doubt as to what British Rugger players and experts think of this New Zealand evolution of one of our great national games. It is but a few years ago since Britain led the way in the manufacture of footwear. Our factories at Leicester and Northampton were far and away the best equipped of their kind. Civilised humanity must wear boots or shoes, and it was Great Britain which supplied a very large proportion of its needs. In those days in was a case of England first and the rest nowhere. What is the case to-day? John Bull has been displaced from his high position by enterprising American manufacturers. The latest devices in boot manufacture are—and have been for several years—Yankee inventions. The downfall of John's supremacy in this respect dated from the time when American brains evolved a method of tanning leather in one-tenth of the time taken by English leather merchants. Finally, in sheer desperation, the proud British manufacturer was obliged to confess himself beaten and our boot-making factories are now modelled on American methods and run by American machinery. This was necessary, for otherwise the British boot trade would have been swamped entirely.

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THE MOTORIST AT BAY.

The police are sometimes mistaken. Knowing this, the energetic secretary of the Automobile Association is compiling a register. He intends to keep a list of all cases in which the police evidence is disproved, and their sworn statements turn out to be incorrect. Whenever a motorist is summoned in respect of speed limit or alleged furious driving, he will have an opportunity of learning from this register whether the particular constable who is accusing him has "any endorsement on his license."—"The Bystander."



MR. CLARENCE SEATON,  
who plays "Aubrey Chesterton" in "The Orchid," at the Cheltenham Opera House next week.

A MARRIAGE THAT MADE HISTORY.

A carping critic of Lord Rosebery's policy, and a supporter of "C.B.'s," declared the other day that the only real success in life ever achieved by the Earl was in the marriage market, says "T.A.T." The gibe was a bitter one, and was doubtless intended so to be; nevertheless, there is more in it than meets the eye. For that marriage of his (it was so far back as 1878) with Hannah Rothschild marked an epoch not alone in his career, but in the history of his country. To him it brought vast additional wealth to augment his already large financial resources, and, by allying his house with that of one of the mightiest of modern money kings, doubled and trebled his importance politically. But it did much more than that for England and for Europe. It was the first conspicuous marriage between a British Jew and a British Christian. It paved the way for other similar alliances. It opened the doors of the highest society to the leading Jews. For Lord Rosebery's name in those days, as now, was one to conjure with; and Lansdowne House, which the young couple took on lease, became at once the recognised salon of the great Liberal party.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

SIZE OF BRAIN MEANS NOTHING.

Two of the most eminent anthropologists of Germany, Profs. Loewenfeld and Eyerich, have been examining into the prevailing belief that a large skull and a heavy brain are indications of superior intellectual power, and find absolutely nothing in support of this tradition. They have based their investigations on careful studies of 935 soldiers of the ordinary class, 300 one-year volunteers, gentlemen's sons of superior education, 312 pupils of national schools, and 207 examinations of brains of the dead. There were weakly-endowed natures with fine brain capacity; on the other hand, some of the brightest of the one-year volunteers had heads rather less than the normal size. No matter what way they went to work to get results in favour of their earlier impressions, they were confronted with defeat. No such rule can be said to exist. It is as irregular and as unscientific to say that a big-brained or big-headed man is intellectual as to say that he is tall or short or addicted to any particular habit.—From "T.A.T."

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Our own happiness depends in a great measure on our making others happy. This is true happiness.



**NOTGROVE.**

\*

Notgrove is a parish, with a station 1½ miles south-east, on the Banbury and Cheltenham section of the Great Western Railway, and is five miles north from Northleach, six south-west from Stow-on-the-Wold, 3½ west from Bourton-on-the-Water, 19 east from Gloucester, and 96 from London, in the Eastern division of the county, Bradley hundred, Stow-on-the-Wold petty sessional division, union, and county court district, rural deanery of Northleach, arch-deaconry of Cirencester, and diocese of Gloucester.

The Church of St. Bartholomew is an ancient building, principally in the Perpendicular style, consisting of chancel, nave of three bays, north transept, south porch, and a western tower, with small spire, containing three bells.

The living is a rectory, net yearly value £100, including 300 acres of glebe, with residence, in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

The President and Fellows of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, &c the principal landowners, and have also purchased the manorial rights.

The old Manor House was the seat of the Whittington family, descendants of Sir Richard (Dick) Whittington, the famous Lord Mayor of London in the 14th century.

The soil and subsoil are of stone brash.

The chief crops are wheat, barley, and some land in pasture. The area is 1,626 acres; rateable value £996; the population in 1901 was 134.

There is a post-office in the village, and also a National School (mixed) for about fifty children.



NOTGROVE VILLAGE.



THE CHURCH.



THE MANOR HOUSE.

“MODERN MERCURIES.”

\*

Some very interesting instances are recorded of messenger boys who have been sent on strange and remarkable missions. Not many years ago a well-dressed gentleman walked into one of the London branch offices and placed upon the counter a note. “Let one of your boys deliver this,” he said, “and wait for an answer. I wish him to start immediately.” “Next boy on,” laconically called the superintendent; but, glancing at the envelope, he noted that the address was “Hanford, California, U.S.A.” Taken by surprise, he remarked that the fees would be rather heavy. “They will be paid, whatever they come to,” said the stranger, presenting the card of the late Col. McCalmont, a man of great wealth. Within an hour the “next boy on” had started with the note. He beat the regular mails by five hours. The journey out and back cost in one way and another more than one hundred pounds; but it well repaid Col. McCalmont. One of the peculiar tasks imposed on a messenger boy not long ago, says “The Penny Magazine,” was to lead a donkey from Charing Cross to Euston Station. District Messenger 1199 received the animal from the horse van, and amid the good-natured chaff of the train porters led off his charge. The donkey took things very complacently, “as is the donkey’s wont, and trudged behind the messenger boy through the busy London streets” much to the amusement of the passing public. During Coronation time a messenger boy was employed to accompany an Indian Prince and show him the sights of the City. He went to all the theatres, music-halls, and other places of amusement, and successfully conducted the visitor through some of the worst slums. Another Eastern potentate on a visit to London employed a messenger boy to make purchases of vast quantities of toys, both from the street dealers and the stores. The boy made all his purchases judiciously, and did not spend a penny more than was requisite, though a large sum was placed at his disposal. In fact, through his judgment and knowledge of prices, he saved his employer a considerable sum, and was duly rewarded for his faithful service.

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BRAWN v. BRAINS.

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It is said that intellectual labour is a more arduous kind of labour than physical labour. One hour’s brain concentration is severer on the system than many hours’ bodily labour! I have often heard this in my travels (says Mr. Bart Kennedy, in the “World and His Wife”). And I have come to the conclusion that some people really believe this statement. I have no desire to be rude, dear reader, so I shall content myself by merely saying that the statement is erroneous. I have tried mental and physical labour.



**THE PESSIMISM OF OLD PINCH.**

[By W. G. YARCOTT.]

Only the old purple-faced man and Ginger Bates were in the shelter. A drizzle at theatre time had caused a briskness in the profession, and the rank was practically empty, Ginger's growler alone being left. Old Man Pinch had had a violent misunderstanding with a frisky motor, and had gone out of business for the night. He was secure as regards compensation, but the incident had left him in a very pessimistic mood, and he wound up a series of gloomy prophecies regarding the future of his calling with the announcement that the noble breed of cab-horses was fated to extinction.

Ginger Bates felt bound to protest, and observed consolingly that cats could not be fed on pneumatic tyres; a rather curious piece of reasoning when examined.

Old Pinch knew and appreciated Ginger's efforts at consolation, and they drank together the steaming beverage accused by its brewer of being coffee. Potty came in, unbuttoning his long coat. The genial nod of the brethren of the whip passed, and Potty joined in their refreshment.

"Rum thing," he said, pouring coffee into the saucer to cool; "very rum! Saw a man this afternoon I could 'ave sworn was you, Pinch. Go the same style exactly, same sort of figger and 'ead; an' the same old waddle, too. Never seed such a likeness."

This graphic description of his method of progression annoyed old Pinch.

"Did yer? Ho! did yer?" he said, with icy dignity. "Well, if I wuz you I'd be very careful who I took for anyone else. There wuz a man I once knew, 'e'd got the same complaint as you 'ave—mistaking other folk for their betters."

"Bettars," interrupted Potty doubtfully.

"I said betters, and I mean betters. Took somebody fer me, didn't yer?" returned the old man.

"Well, I wuz goin' to say, there wuz two brothers wot this man knew, and they wuz twins—both of 'em; an' while 'e wuz on friendly terms with each, neither of the twins liked the other. Well, one day 'e went up to Joe—they wuz named Jim an' Joe—'e went up to Joe an' ses, 'Ullo, Jim, 'ow are yer?' Now, Joe was feeling a bit off colour that mornin', an' 'e ses: 'Wot's that, mistakin' me fer that son-of-a-gun-of-a-brother-o'-mine; wot'er mean by it? Take that!' an' 'e gives 'im one of the blackest black eyes that ever you seed. Same a'ternoon this man meets the other brother, Jim. 'Look 'ere, Jim,' 'e ses, 'I took your brother Joe for you this mornin', an' 'e gimme this eye.' 'Oh!' ses Jim, wery icy, 'took that rascal fer me, did yer? Well, then, take that fer yourself!' an' 'e blacked 'is other eye wusser'n the fust one."

This little reminiscence soothed the old man, and his face grew more placid. Ginger Bates gazed at the roof and observed to Potty: "That's a 'andy little nag you've got ter-day. Neat a bit o' flesh as ever wuz in your shafts."

"'Andy's the word, my boy; 'andy's the word," said Potty. "Tom, 'ave yer got a nice bit o' steak there, about a pun an' a 'alf? Ah! that's it; show 'im on the stove. Yus, Ginger, that nag'll turn like greased lightning. Why—now it's rum, very rum, I'd forgot it till this wery minute—I've got some 'andy animals in my time, but to-day I reckon me an' that 'e took the bloomin' biscuit."

"I wuz like this: I picked up 'bout four o'clock at Charing Cross, stout ol' gal with 'alf a dozen 'orrids and a box wot might 'ave 'ad a 'at in it. Made a reg'lar little pile in front o' me with 'e box on top o' the 'at. Was a South fare—Kennin' 'e was goin' over Westminster Bridge a bit o' 'ead blew, an' afore yer could wink the bloomin' 'ox dropped. Well s'elp me, I never did! Straight! I dunno 'ow I did it! Couldn't 'a done it with any other 'ead in London; but, true as true, I turned the gee, whizzed round, an' caught the 'ox afore it reached the ground!"

Potty winked at Ginger Bates, who ejaculated: "Wery hot 'ead, but the look of disgust with which Old Pinch regarded Potty's effort surpassed superlatives in its intensity."

Potty addressed Tom, the attendant:

"If, 'e said 'e, "if so be you've got a nice raw Spanish unyun knocking about, I'll 'ave it."

"Onion!" interrupted Old Pinch, "onion! Take 'em up, Potty, don't you ever eat onions. There wuz a man I knew once, 'e liked onions, an' if 't hadn't been fer that 'e might 'a been doing well

to-day. Promisin' chap 'e wuz, too; you remind me of 'im wery much. 'E was a burglar."

"Oh! was 'e?" said Potty indignantly. "Well, I don't want to 'ear about none o' your low friends, thankee."

"Ah! got enough o' yer own, I s'pose," returned the old man. "All right, no offence. O' course you know best about it, Potty. Still, I shouldn't eat onions if I wuz you. Yer ever know yer luck?"

Potty reply was the careful dissection of his savoury, and the old man subsided. Ginger Bates, however, was inquisitive, and pursued the matter. "Wot 'ad onions got to do with it?" he inquired.

"Well, I'll tell yer, since yer ask," conceded Pinch. "This chap wot Potty reminds me of so—'e broke into a 'ouse one night up Mile End way. It was one of them eatin' places where they 'as sossiges cookin' in the winder. 'E did pretty well, considerin'. Got a week's takin's and a few little knick-knacks 'bout wakin' no one. 'E'd got in from the roof and worked 'is way down. When 'e got to the shop 'e sniffs, an' ses: 'Aha! onions.' They'd just got a supply of nice ones for the week's cookin'. Well, 'e 'unts round an' finds one or two nice cold sossiges, and sits on the counter an' stuffs 'isself so full of onions 'e could 'ardly walk. 'E ate eleven of 'em straight away."

"When 'e couldn't eat no more, 'e takes a peep outside. No one about. 'Wotch,' ses 'e, an' skips out. Well, nothin' 'appened. 'E sees one or two cats do a bunk, an' a stray dog wot come up to smell 'im turned round and ran like mad; but of course 'e didn't notice anything 'isself. Round the corner 'e comes on a 'p'liceman, wot nearly falls down as 'e passes; but 'e went on as gay as a bird."

"Presently the copper turns into the main road, an' bang, smash! into 'im comes a man with nothin' on 'cept 'is shirt an' 'is trousers."

"'Constable,' ses 'e; 'p'liceman, I've bin robbed."

"Oh! ses the bobby, 'ave yer, though. And who might you be?"

"'I'm the sossige man,' ses the chap. 'An' there's all my week's takin's gone.'

"Hah! ses the bobby. 'Um! Now you just sniff 'ard. D'you smell anything?"

"The chap sniffs.

"Hungryuns!" ses he.

"Yus, ses the copper; 'an' your week's takin's is along of 'em. You leave this to me.' An', true as true, they traced this young pal o' Potty's right down to the Noo Cut by the smell o' them onions, an' 'e got six mun's 'ard, 'e did."

Ginger Bates looked at the old man. "There's a lot o' people wot ought to get six mun's 'ard," he remarked.

**A CITY ON STILTS.**

Is London being undermined? Are the various "tubes," tunnels, subways, etc., which during the past few years have been driven in all directions beneath the foundations of the vast city, tending to render those foundations insecure? Such are the questions which are just now agitating the minds of experts. Some, of course, pooh-poo the idea. But others endorse it, writes a "T.A.T." contributor. If these latter be correct in their views, then indeed is the greatest city in the world confronted with the gravest crisis in her history. The collapse of Charing Cross station is accounted for. And there exists the likelihood, amounting almost to a certainty, that similar catastrophes are maturing elsewhere. For it must not be forgotten that London is built upon alluvial soil. But yesterday, speaking geologically, the sea flowed over its site. It was old Father Thames that brought down century by century, and deposited in the estuary, the billions of tons of mud that rendered possible the existence of any city at all hereabouts. Mud! that is what London is built upon—and largely out of. We call it clay now, and we burn chunks of it, and call them bricks. But it is really and truly only mud after all. Therein lies the danger. If London rested on gravel, or chalk, all this undermining would not matter so much. A city on stilts may be a perfectly safe city to dwell in—if only the stilts rest on a sufficiently secure foundation. But a city on stilts, with the business ends of the stilts "supported" by mud! Well, the thing speaks for itself. Of course, where money is no object, London buildings can be made as secure as any other buildings, by the simple device of preparing for them an artificial foundation of concrete. Most of the great Government buildings, including the new War Office, and the Houses of Parliament, stand

upon such a foundation. But the expense is enormous, and, consequently, practically all the private edifices of London rest on the London mud—or the London clay, if you so prefer to call it. Now this clay holds in solution immense quantities of water, and it is the draining off of this water by the tunnelling of underground railways that constitutes yet another element of risk. At first sight it may seem a good thing for London that its foundations should be rendered drier. And so it would be if they were of gravel, or chalk, or, in short, anything but mud. For mud, dried, turns to dust, and a city founded upon dust is inconceivable. Nevertheless, this is what London is gradually approaching within measurable distance of. It is not alone that the mere tunnelling tends to drain the soil, and so render it less stable, but the vibration of trains, etc., disintegrates the surrounding clay in every direction. Of course the engineers who construct these subterranean works deny this. They denied once that the "Tuppenny Tube" caused any vibration. But the writer of this article, by using a seismeter (an instrument designed to record earthquakes), made the "Tube" itself, or rather the train running through it, refute their statement by writing its own autograph—as it were—with a needle upon specially prepared paper.

**PICTURES BY LIGHTNING.**

Some nine years ago, M. Camille Flammarion tells us in his "Thunder and Lightning," two day-labourers, named Jean Sasier and Joseph Elisson, took refuge from a storm in a cabin made of reeds. They were standing at the entrance of this cabin when they were struck by lightning and hurled to the ground. Elisson was not much hurt, and very soon scrambled to his feet and shouted for help. People ran up immediately, and the two men were carried to their homes. Sasier was suffering from a burn on his right side, but it was upon Elisson that the electric fluid had produced an extraordinary effect. One of his boots had been cut open by the lightning, and his trousers had been torn. "But over and above this," said a writer reporting the incident in the "Petit Marseillais," "like a tattooer making use of photography, it reproduced admirably on the artisan's body a representation of a pine tree, of a poplar, and of the handle of his watch. It is an undoubted case of photography through opaque material; most luckily the sensitive plate—Elisson's body—merely took the impression, and received no injury."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

**FLOWER CRAZES.**

Nowadays no better testimony to the popularity of gardening can be afforded than by the formation of special societies for the purpose of advancing some particular flower, fruit, or vegetable in the estimation of the public. This is an age of specialiste, and those who advocate the formation of these special societies and give them their support do not do so out of any hostility to those associations which devote themselves to the promotion and development of horticulture in all its wider aspects. Many of the old provincial florists' societies are now defunct, partly because the craze for the particular flower they were formed to cultivate died out, and partly because they set up standards of ugliness which the public would not follow. Unfortunately, some of these false ideals of beauty still cling to a few of the survivors of the present day, and that is why we still see flowers like the carnation and pansy shown on boards and surrounded by a hideous paper collar.—"The Garden."

**THE YOUNGEST KING IN THE WORLD.**

In an article, illustrated with new portraits, on "Rulers' Religions," a writer in "The Quiver" for January says: I suppose the youngest King in the world is Daudi Cwa, King of Uganda. He is being educated by two of the pupil teachers of the Church Missionary Society at Mengo. His spiritual instructor is Ham Mukasa, who visited England four years ago. Every day King Daudi Cwa does his lessons, and is especially fond of writing. He began learning when he was five years old, and sent Mr. C. W. Hattersley this letter in his own language: "How are you, sir, my friend? I am writing this letter to you to salute you, if you have reached home safely. And also to show you what my handwriting is like, which I am able to write nowadays. Well, now, good-bye. May God take care of you always. I am your great friend who loves you much in Jesus Christ.—Daudi Cwa Kabaka."



## Selina Jenkins as a Canvasser

Law blees 'ee, 'tisn't a thing as I should of chose, not meself, this 'ere canvassin' fer votes, as is a downrite thankless job, sure enuff; wich I were persuaded into it by Mr. Robert Gaskings, as come in full of it the other evening, about ther bein' a need for every fieldmale woman to do his duty or helse the Cause would be lost. Not that I knows wich cause, and fer this reason: when you gets out talkin' to a lot of folks all about 'Ome Ru'e, and China men, and Fishcal policies, and Onemployed Retaliations, besides others too numerous to mention, as they says—you be very soon so mixed hup you don't know whether you was a Liberal or a Conservative when you started out. Leastways I didn't!

I'll tell you all about it. You see, I got a little book with a serious of names in it, as was all down one side of a street, bein' the people as I were to call upon to elicit their votes and hinterest on behalf of our side, wich seemed as easy as shellin' peas! The chap said, Mrs. Jenkins, 'e said, "you won't want to say a word," 'e says; "you just 'and them in these papers," 'e says, "and ask them to vote for our side, fer the good of the cause," 'e says, "and it'll be all rite! It's all on the paper!"

So the first place I goes to 'appened to be a little bit of a cobbler's shop, one of they places with the door in 2 pieces, and a great jangly bell on the lower 'alf!

He were a very dirty-lookin' little man, and looked as if a good wash and brush up mite 'ave done 'im a power of good, not to mention a smell of sperrits enuff to break the windys.

"Good mornin'," I says, "it's a fine day," I says.

"Well, wot if it is!" he says; "you didn't do it!" he says.

"No offence, I 'opes!" I says; "if there was any taken, there wasn't none extended." I says (wich I believes in 'oldin' out the holly-branch when you gets sich rough customers as this ere cobbler were). "Wot I come in for was—as you mite say—I was to ask you, please, if you'd vote about; and yet, bein' of the male seck, he had a vote!

"NO!" he says.

"No, what?" says I (because I don't 'old with rudeness to one's betters, bein' meself).

"No bloomin' fear," he says. Wich to make it worse he actooally tore up the paper and threw the bits in my face—as I 'eard afterwards wasn't quite the thing in his top storey, not to mention 'avin' been brought up 2ce for 'ittin' 'is wife and yet, bein' of the male seck, he had a vote!

This wasn't wot you mite call a hauspicious hopenin'. 'Owever, I goes on to the next 'ouse, wich were a very hold man with a white beard and a bad cold in 'is 'ead, not to mention bein' as deaf as a post!

"How d'you do?" says I, when he opened the dore!

"Hay?" says he.

"How d'you do?" I says.

"HAY?" says he.

"This won't do," says I to meself. So I goes up close to 'im, and shouts into 'is ear-drum, as 'ard as ever I could holler, I says, "We wants you to vote for our side," I says, "for the cause of justice, freedom, Free Trade, Himpieralism, and a lot more as I can't 'oller for want of breath."

So he looks me hup and down, and then down and hup, as if I were a sort of a curiosity, and takes the paper out of me 'and, sayin' as he'd go in and ask the missus wot she thought of it! I noticed he shet the door in me face, 'owever, and kept me out in the cold, instead of askin' me in to set down, wich I were very near famished to death with the cold wind, when he jest opened the dore a bit and poked his old nose out to say—wot do you think—why jest to say, "Not to-day, thank you!"

Wotever he took the paper for I don't know; he must 'ave thought it were an order form for a 2s. 6d. down library, or some catchpenny swindle or other, becoss he locked and bolted the dore the very minnit he'd said "Not to-day, thank you," as didn't give me any chance to esplain, did it now?

Well, as it 'appened, the very next dore meybor was a hindividoosal as couldn't read without 'is spectacles, so he said, and 'ad only the day before (fortunately) sat down on 'em rather sudden, and broke the glasses to atoms. (Wich, if you b'leeve me, were only jest a put-up job, so as to get me

in the mind to describe 'is. towards a new pair, as I were soft enuff to do. I 'eard afterwards as this 'ere man 'ad been receivin' subscriptions for the same pair of glasses for the last ten years, from all benevolent strangers!)

'Owever, as I must tell you, nothink would do but that I must read all that there paper through, very slow, to this 'ere hindividoosal and a hinvaid daughter as were in bed in a corner of the room.

This were a nice job fer me, and I dunnow 'ow much they understood of it, becoss when I reads these 'ere perlitical tracks I always leaves out the long words and figgers. Yes! I can't abear figgers, and that's one reason why I don't 'old with that there Chamberling, as 'ave dragged figgers and arithmetick sums into pollyticks somethink awful! When I was a yung gel pollyticks was pollyticks, and not arithmetick sums! Well, readin' this 'ere through took me a tidy time—over a quarter of an hour—and no sooner 'adn't I finished than in come somebody else—another married daughter—so I 'ad to start once more to wade through all this 'ere literatoor!

And you mark my words! When I'd finished all this 'ard labour fer they ongrateful people, if the silly gowk didn't up an tell me as he were sorry to 'ave missed me, but he 'adn't got a vote, 'avin' only jest come into the 'ouse!

When it come to this, I can tell you I'd 'ad very near enuff of canvassin', wich I was rite in sayin' 'is the most thankless job in the world, 'ocps praps tryin' to patch up luv quarrels between yung and quarrelsome folk (wich I'll tell you more about some day).

Still, I 'ad to try and finish me bit of a job, somehow. So, to put it rite, I missed 4 'ouses as looked like more upsets, and I'll tell you 'ow I knows—If they've got a clean bit of curting up to the front windys, you can bet yer bottom dollar the people inside is good-tempered and civil; but if you observes cracked glass, and a ventilation 'ole 'ere and there stopped up with bits of literatoor, you may depend on it that there's a ruff lot inside, and it's jest as well to let sleepin' dogs lie on!

So I looks out a place with a nice holy-stoned dore-step and a brass handle to the dore; as turned out to be a very decent fambly, after all, with 2 sons in the Navy and one doin' time in the Harny; they was really very haffable at first, and asked me to accept a dish of tea with a few short-breads of their own makin' which is a condiment I very much likes, and richly deserves!

Over the tea I tried to get in a bit of pollyticks; but, law bless you, this 'ere man was a fair terror when you once set 'im off on the perlitical question.

"Mrs. Jenkins," he says, "I'm very pleased to make yer acquaintance," he says; "I 'ave been a diligent student of yer 'ritin's," he says, "and 'ave found much comfort in them," he says; "but," he says, "much as I don't like to say it," he says, "I don't agree with yer pollyticks! To my mind Heconomy's the thing as I votes for; we wants lower rates and less of 'em; wich I considers, from wot my sons tells me, as there's a lot of savin' wasted in the Harny and Navy. I 'as a son in both, wich you sees their photos on the wall, over the fireplace."

"Yes," I says.

"Well," he says, "I knows from what they both tells me as there's a tremenjil lot of letter-'ritin' and correspondence goes on in the War Hoffice and the Hadmiralty. D'ye follow me?" he says.

"Yes," I says. "I'd like jest 'alf a cup more—one lump please—Mrs. Wots-ye-name," I says to his wife.

"Well, then," he says, "if there's so much letter-'ritin' it means a corresponding quantity of hink used; as must run into barrelsful in a year!"

"Sure enuff!" I says.

"Yes, then, says he, "I considers as the only man as I can vote for is the one as will pledge hisself to economise by orderin' the clerks at these 'ere Government offices not to cross their 't's' or dot their 't's,' which'll save I dunnow 'ow many gallons of hink every year! Will your man vote for this?" he says.

"Well, there you 'as me!" I says. "I must go back and ask about that! Wot do it come under? Is it a part of the Fishcal policy?" I says.

"No!" he says. "I 'aven't seen it mentioned in either of the candidate's addresses! I espeek they be shirkin' it, and I won't 'ave none of that. I'll move 'eaven and earth to turn out the man who don't vote heconomical," he says!

Wich it seemed as if a storm were a-brewin', so I jest drank up me cup of tea, and sallies 4th as quick as could be, becoss you never knows 'ow to take the nicest of men when they gets on pollyticks!

There was others, 'owever, as I 'ad to see, and very disagreeable some of 'em was; one was a vegetation, or wot you calls they folk as doesn't eat meat, wich said he wouldn't vote for no one as siled 'is lips with the flesh of dumb animals; another one 'ad got it into 'is 'ead that Mr. Campbell-Bannerman was in the pay of the Pope of Rome, and that there was millions of priests comin' over to bring 'Ome Rule and other anticks; then there was a Passive Desister, as allowed me to sit on the same chair as 'ad been sold 4 times fer to pay the Education Rate—as a great 'ommer; but the awk'ardest go of all was with one as called 'isself a Social Demprocrat, wich he said he were the only one of in the town, but were quite persuaded he wouldn't vote for either of the present candidates; he thought he'd put up 'isself 'praps, if I'd lend 'im the money; opon wich I left, as you mite think!

The last one I ad to deal with was a sort of a horator, as they calls 'em, 'avin' a tongue like the clack of a windmill; he asked me about 25 questions, each one of which I didn't know nothink about, until he says, says he, "Opon my word," he says, "I don't know what you come for; why ever didn't you coach it up a bit afore you started canvassin'?"

"Well," I says, "look 'ere, mister," I says, "I don't want none of your sauce," I says; "I come down 'ere a-purpose to ask you to vote fer our side, fer the good of the cause; and to put down the tyranny and injustice as is rampant in our midst!"

"Wot tyranny and injustice do you mean?" he says.

"Ho, don't you know?" I says. "I means these 'ere Chinese and the Boer War, 'Ome Rule, Ritualism, Involuntary Eddication, and Harny Scandals; wich I askes you, above all, to think Himpierially and to record yer vote for 'Free' reasons: 1st, Becoss I askes you; 2nd, becoss you ought to; and 3rd, fer the good of the cause!"

"Well, but wich cause?" he says; "wich cause?"

"Ho, you know, against this 'ere Secular Eddication, and Establishment, and pro-Bores—and all that kind of thing," I says.

"But look here," he says, "wich do you represent? Is it Unionist, Liberal, Labour, Conservative, Free Trade, Protectionist, Balfourist, Radical, or Liberals you stands for?"

"Well," I says, "I didn't know there was so many sorts!" I says. "I never 'eard them names before, a lot of 'em! I'll go back and ask wich I be canvassin' for! And they laffed at me."

SELINA JENKINS.

### FALLACY OF THE LEVEL ROAD.

As those who have motored abroad know, nothing palls like the level straight road. The absence of gradients and corners reduces driving to the mere holding of the steering wheel. While broad speedways are wanted in England, I doubt very much whether the expense of cuttings and embankments over country such as lies between London and Brighton will ever justify itself. Nothing pleases the ordinary motorist so much as negotiating a gradient at his top speed. He fiddles about with his gas and ignition taps, and when the car climbs, without speed-change, a long gradient, he takes the credit of it. He feels he is doing something; that the car goes so well because he is at the wheel. Maybe the engine thumps a bit near the top of the hill; probably, a change of speed would have been advantageous; no matter, he did it on the top speed, and it is something to talk about.—"The Bystander."

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# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 263. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1906.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.0) AND EVENING (7.5),

**"The Orchid."**

NEXT WEEK:

**"SERGEANT BRUE."**

Times and prices as usual

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,  
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Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

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Australian Wines in Flagon.

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Price Lists on Application.

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 163rd prize has been awarded to Mr. E. W. Toms, of 30 Promenade, for his report of the Rev. E. Stone's sermon at Salem Baptist Church, Cheltenham.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

Bank of France notes in circulation now being close on the £200,000,000 legal limit, the Paris "Matin" states that the limit is likely to be increased by £40,000,000.

Prior to his departure from Rowsley Station, on the conclusion of his visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the King presented Mr. Samuel Pitt, the stationmaster, with a handsome monogram pin in recognition of his services in connection with various royal visits to Chatsworth.

At a meeting of the Worsley (near Manchester) District Council, held on Monday night, it was announced that there were no unemployed in the township of Worsley, which has a population of about 14,000, including several thousand colliers and cotton operatives. Several members observed that there might be a few men out of work, but they did not require employment.



**MR. THOMAS COMELY,**

OF WESTFIELD, NOTGROVE,

who for over thirty years has continuously represented Naunton on Stow Board of Guardians and Rural District Council. It is interesting to recall the fact that Mr. Comely's father held a similar position, having represented Notgrove and Condicote for over forty years and been for thirty years vice-chairman of Stow Guardians and District Council.

Mr. James Lawless, who formerly drove the Quicksilver coach conveying the royal mails to the west, was buried at Exeter on Saturday.

North Oxfordshire Rose Society presented Lady A. Gordon-Lennox at Brougham Castle with an illuminated address in recognition of her exertions on behalf of the society, of which she is the president.

Colonel Montague Charles Browning, C.B., of Brantham Court, Manningtree, Essex, and of Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, London, W., left £150,126. He served in the Crimean war and Indian Mutiny, and for sixteen years commanded the West Suffolk Militia.

The foreign trade of Japan for the year 1905 reached an unprecedented volume, the imports totalling 488,000,000 yen, and the exports 321,000,000 yen.

President Roosevelt's advocacy of large families is being attacked by the Rev. Owen Lovejoy, secretary of the U.S.A. Child Labour Committee, who contends that the increasing cost of living makes it a great responsibility to bring children into the world "to earn a pittance."

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, of Saling, Essex, have just celebrated their golden wedding. Mr. Reynolds has lived all his life—eighty-one years—in the same house, in which his father and grandfather also lived, the period covered by the three tenancies being 145 years.

The temperance movement, which has made such progress in Ontario, is extending its influence to Manitoba, and it is probable that measures will shortly be taken in the latter province to compel the restriction of the liquor traffic. Mr. Roblin, the Premier of Manitoba, has expressed himself as strongly in favour of the movement.



## SILAS SHARK'S WHITE ELEPHANT.

[BY "ERRATICUS" I.]

I.

"She's a white elephant!" said the ship-owner, Silas Shark, a white elephant. That's just what she has always been and will be. If her rascal of a skipper wasn't so confoundedly thick it might be different. He honestly works and pummels the crew, and does his utmost to keep her and her hands afloat."

Silas Shark carefully closed his ledger, rose from his plush-seated chair, and interlocking his hands behind him, strolled to and fro in his private office.

"I think I could make use of him," he said to the carpet. "Yes, I'll give him another chance. For outside of him, I haven't a man with nerve enough."

The ship-owner looked up swiftly as though his thoughts' expression had frightened him, and his eyes travelled from wall to wall. He continued his walk, stopping and listening at every footstep in the outer office.

"But what am I to do with her?" he questioned again and again, and finally he came to a standstill in the middle of the carpet.

"Yes," he said excitedly, "I have it," and fell to walking.

Once or twice he glanced towards the marble clock, and as eleven silver strokes tinkled out, he sat in his chair, expectant and eager inwardly, outwardly cool and unconcerned. And at this instant came a timid tap upon the private office door, and "Captain Crouch, sir," was announced by a lanky clerk. The door swung noiselessly, and Crouch and his owner were alone together.

Each man advanced towards the other. "Good-morning, captain," said Silas, and motioned his visitor pleasantly to a chair.

"Good-morning, Mister Shark, sir," said Crouch, in a voice pitched to eloquence of veneration.

"You look well, after your holiday," said Silas, eyeing the awkward fitting clothes of the master mariner.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," and Crouch wondered at the neat, nicely fitting, fine cloth suit of his owner. "I'm always in the best of health, sir, especially when at home, or with the missus and kid digging up New Brighton sands. Yes, sir, but business is business, and I got your note last night, and I'm here accordin' to your orders."

The slight nervousness in Crouch's voice was unmissed by the incisive Shark. The mariner twirled his hat on his left forefinger. "Obligations of course, sir, must come to a head. I—"

"Yes, captain," interrupted Silas hastily; "I'm pleased to hear that you had a good time and are ready for work."

Crouch looked up slyly at the owner, and then dropped his eyes. Silas, after a pause, spoke.

"I want to have a word about the next voyage of the Aldebaran."

Crouch again looked up, this time boldly. His owner's words had evidently given the skipper encouragement.

"Her last trip, you know, was very unlucky. That suit of sails you lost me off the Horn cost me a pretty penny, and the ship was not insured."

"It took her very sudden like, sir," murmured Crouch from his beard. "I left the mate strict orders to keep her eye lifting for squalls."

"You've told me that before," responded Silas coldly. "But we pay you a bonus of £40 per annum expressly to avoid that kind of thing."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said Crouch, rubbing his beard anxiously.

"And I hope you won't let it occur again." "No, sir; no, sir," replied Crouch, looking askantly at Silas Shark. "It sha'n't 'appen again, sir."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, for there'll be reason for extra caution this voyage, extra caution, you understand. There's to be powder and matches and heaps of inflammable stuff as part of the freight. If the Canopus, our new ship, were ready for sea, I'd send her round to Hamburg instead of the Aldebaran. And you'd be put in command of her at a big increase of salary. Only as long as I have the Aldebaran you must command her. If I could sell my old barque, you understand, you'd get a fine ship."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said Crouch, rubbing his hands upon his knees.

"I shall insure the Aldebaran this voyage," Silas said slowly; "but that will not decrease your responsibility."

The ship-owner drew out from his waistcoat a handsome gold watch. "Time is pressing," he observed. "You must think over what I have said, and join the Aldebaran within the next two days."

The owner extended his right hand, and as Crouch gripped it, said Shark: "You're a trustworthy man—the most trustworthy man I have in the firm. Captain, I hope to see you back soon. Good-bye—and—be careful."

II.

A grey mist spread from Land's End to the Wight, and through it like a phantom, lurched uneasily Crouch's barque. She had slipped past the Goodwins in broad daylight, and her skipper had watched the lightship work out astern as an omen of bad fortune. But off Dover he had rid himself of his pilot, and was now free to play with his ship in the dangerous ebb and flow of the Channel as his mind dictated. There was no responsible person to witness any mistake or folly he might choose to commit. Chance had come to his aid with fog fast thickening, and of that chance with characteristic energy he set to avail himself.

His ship at present was heading for the French coast, but those rock-hidden shores were much to his unliking, so the yards of the Aldebaran were hauled round and her head slouched nor'-nor'-west for the Dorset sea rim between Anvil Point and Portland, and as his ship wallowed across the biting greyness, he prayed that she might be rammed and sunk. Every night since leaving Liverpool had he dreamed of a bigger salary and a better command, and the god of his dreams was now surely holding forth to the dreamer the goods of this world he so greatly desired. He rolled fore and aft his poop, smoking, cursing, reasoning, each in turn.

Could he beach the Aldebaran, thought he, without arousing suspicion? For, as to his part of the contract, he had a certificate to lose or keep, and this was where the sea-boot pincered. He shuddered at the thought of facing a crowd of hungry sea lawyers, and he furtively eyed the tramp steamers crawling athwart the mists, heaving in or out of the Channel. His own ship, groaning under the weight of her black, saturated canvas, wobbled and laboured bravely, while to every lurch her seesawing yards squeaked like an army of rats.

It may have been the rolling of the vessel that caused Crouch to have his fore hatch opened, and descend with the watch on deck to see that the stowage of the cargo was secure. Certainly on the 'tween decks he had alterations made, and he did not ascend until five minutes after the last of his crew had disappeared upwards. Then he ordered the carpenter to batten down, went aft, lit his pipe, and paraded the poop.

By noon deep anxiety had grown into his face, and the cause of this may have been that his ship was nearing the land. He clawed his pipe fiercely and spat into the sea.

"It's one o' two things," he muttered. And at that instant the mate sprang up the poop ladder and shouted:—

"There's fire in the fore hatch, sir!"

"What! What's that?" cried Crouch.

"Fire!" announced the mate, "and no small one either."

"Call all hands, bawled Crouch. He turned towards the man at the wheel. "Hard up the 'elm!" he shouted, "and keep her before the wind." He bolted after the mate, who had shot forward into the fog.

At the fore hatch he found all hands busy, some hauling water from over the side, and others pouring it down the hatchway.

A blackened figure climbed over the hatch coaming, and coughing the thickness from his throat, reported:—

"Can't see how far aft the damage is. But it's a tidy large fire."

"That you, Mr. Carney?"

"Yes," said the mate, drawing the dust out of his eyes with his right fist. "I'm afraid it's gaining on us all the time. It can't be far from the powder magazine." He grabbed a bucket and encouraged the crew to fresh energy.

But the fire gained rapidly. The smoke thickened and flames spouted up and scorched the unwary. Wood was burning, and phosphor, and

tarred hemp. Cases of matches exploded and fouled the dense air, making breathing an effort and the hatchway unapproachable. It seemed evident the crew must sooner or later abandon the ship or else ascend in various detachments. The foresail, which Crouch had helped to haul up, caught up the tails of the licking flames, and the foretop stood beyond in lurid light. The deck planks were at roasting heat, and across them came the mate in haste.

"The deck's burnt through in the fo'c's'le," he said, "so the fire can't be more than a few feet from the bulkhead where the powder's stowed."

"The powder's at the other side of the iron bulkhead," demurred Crouch.

"And when that gets red hot?" "She'll blow up."

"By de saints and de sinners!" cried a German able seaman, "ve don't intend not to go to hell dis voyage."

"You're not skipper yet," said Crouch, "and I'll plant you before you go anyway," and the skipper's left arm and fist fulfilled the promise.

The hands stopped working and stared at Crouch. They were, for once, more frightened of other things than him.

"Shuffle into the boat as quick as you can!" shouted the skipper.

III.

With all haste the boat shoved off from the blazing barque. And within a quarter of an hour, when the Aldebaran was out of sight, Crouch bade his crew lay upon their oars. Here, uneasily, the boat climbed up and down the Channel heaves; while steamboats, spouting dimly across the fog with their hoarse steam trumpets, passed unseen, yet dangerously near, and made the shivering boatmen scared for their lives. They had ample chance of being run down, and death in such case would be the issue. In the bows they murmured: "Why don't he try to get picked up?"

But of being picked up, Crouch had as yet no intention. He wished first to hear his old barque blown up. The powder must have been touched by the fire by this time, he thought. At all events, he must find out. And at this moment came the weird hoot of a tramp steamer's fog-signal, out of the grey darkness astern, and the boat's crew rose to a man.

"Help!" shouted two of them.

"Stop that!" said Crouch. "D'ye hear?"

"We don't want to be cut to pieces," replied the stroke boldly.

Crouch unshipped the handy tiller and held it menacingly over his head in his right hand; his left grasped the brass chain of the boat's plug.

"Pull!" he said, "or I'll drown you like rats."

The stroke trumpeted his hands to his mouth. Then the handy tiller rapped his knuckles, and he collapsed. The crew chose the lesser evil, and fell to upon their oars for dear life, and by-and-by brought the boat out of earshot of the tramp's whistle.

Crouch, steering his boat across the fog, was loaded with fearful doubt, and as near shivering he came as his courage would permit. Dimly, through the mists, he saw the angry face of Silas Shark and an army of enraged underwriters. He drew a hand across his temples, and wiped the perspiration therefrom. And with this action the boat steered alongside the Aldebaran.

"Not blown up yet," observed Carney cheerfully.

"By rights," said Crouch, "she ought to be somewhere between here and the bottom of the sea."

Carney peered along the rim of the bulwarks. "Don't see any smoke," he commented.

"Don't smell any, either," responded Crouch.

"Get up on deck!" he cried to the boat's crew, "after me that is."

He shinned up the line which he had descended a half-hour ago and reached the deck. And to his utmost surprise he came face to face with a mop-haired crew of red-capped, sea-booted men. He gathered his breath and spoke.

"What the thunder are you doin' aboard my packet?" The challenge was to a big man, foremost of the barque's intermediate visitors.

"Me—me no savey," answered the big man, and shrugged his shoulders.

Just over the rail Crouch saw a mast and brown sail lurching alongside.

"Ho!" he cried, "that's it, is it? Crapeau, Frenchy, parley voo. Well, you leave this ship quick. I'm skipper here. So get!"



But the Frenchmen gave no sign of "getting." They held many thousands of pounds worth of property under their feet, and it was evident they had no desire to disband what they deemed their lawful salvage. They stuck their hands into their trousers pockets and grinned at Crouch.

The master mariner slewed on his heel and faced his crew with Carney at their head, and the speech he made was brief and pointed.

"Sons o' Nelson an' otherwise," said he, "our work's cut out! Let's see the stuff you're made on!"

Saying which the redoubtable Crouch sent his left fist heavily into the face of the nearest Frenchman and sent that man, no less hurt than surprised, staggering to a heap in the lee scuppers. The blow in first was a part of Crouch's creed. He had hoisted the banner of battle with a vengeance, and his action nicely formed the nucleus of a tight and tough scrimmage. Fists, feet, knives, belaying pins, and shreds of oilskins intermingled, and the strife was fierce and hot to the uttermost liking of the skipper. With iron hands he hit for his life and his living, bowling his opponents over like nine-pins, and encouraging his crew with threats or persuasion, whichever happened to be handier. And the barque's sailors backed him in fullest strength.

Plank by plank the fishermen were forced back until they were jammed against the rails; there, with one accord they leapt on to the bulwark rim and jumped down into their craft alongside. Belaying pins hurried them to let go their rope, and into the fog they sailed, derisive shouts and marlinspikes and other missiles flying after them.

"A hand to the wheel!" ordered Crouch, "an' cook and steward do 'ospital duty with the wounded and the medicine chest!" He looked aft through blackening eyes.

"Sou'-sou'-west!" he bellowed, "and run the yards in, Mr. Carney!"

When the sails were trimmed and a lookout on the fore 'tween decks, the hands went below to the fore 'tween decks. Not a spark of fire was here to be seen, though wisps of smoke trailed upwards, and as Crouch saw this he cursed the men that had intercepted between him and his self-appointed fate. In a cindery heap four or five hundred pounds worth of property surrounded him. Over his head dangled the rags of the foresail, and between his gaze and that charred canvas limned the blazing eyes of Silas Shark. Savagely he chewed the tobacco in his cheek and spat viciously upon the brine sousing his calves.

"Boson," he said, "keep a hand here with you and clear the garbage. The rest of us on deck."

Upon the upper planks the yards were braced up, and Crouch shaped a course for Falmouth. And after this the skipper paced the poop, and, staring into the fog, saw only the leonine face of his owner.

Truly had Crouch made a glorious mess. "And," said he, "I'll have to get. That's certain. And my ticket'll be a doormat for a solid twelve-month. . . . Eh, what! Ship? Where?" he broke off.

"Lee bow, sir," reported the helmsman for the second time, and a sullen "oo-oo-oo-oom" waved to Crouch's ears.

"Lee bow be jiggered!" said Crouch. "Put the elm up!"

"Lee bow, sir—there sure!"

"Hear me,"

"Hard up, sir," said the man at the wheel briskly.

High as the barque's foreyard loomed the iron wall of a leviathan tramp in ballast on the lee bow, her funnel enveloped in cloud, and her bridge breaking into distinctness. A muffled man raced thwart and plunged the telegraph handle astern, and two gaunt streams of white hissed from the steamer's whistle. A curse came to the barque as the log, and the huge tramp passed into darkness and safety.

"No such luck!" said Crouch under his breath. "If I'd only a luffed a bit instead. It's no use. Silas Shark an' I'll have to part, an' I'm a ruined man."

As he finished speaking a hail came out of the gloom and the result was the boarding of a Falmouth pilot.

To the anchorage went the Aldebaran without further incident, and with unhappy thought her skipper slanted from the taffrail, "Let go the anchor" and presently, "veer away the chain!"

That command was surely the last that would issue from his lips upon the old barque's decks as a vessel laden from over seas. His deep-sea grip

of her was for ever passing out of his hands, and he staggered into the cabin and nerved himself with whisky.

The mate, stepping into the stuffy saloon to report the gig lowered and manned, was invited to a nip.

"The last we can have on a deck I can call my own," said Crouch.

"Cheer up, sir," responded Carney. "Things may not be so black as you think. Here's luck." And then mate and skipper went up on deck.

The master mariner descended the Jacob's ladder to the boat and was pulled ashore. And a telegram, despatched to Silas Shark, brought that man per first mail to Falmouth.

"Captain," said the ship-owner mildly, "I did not expect to see you back quite so soon. I'm glad you scraped through so commendably and came in with a clean bill of health. Y'know, the day after you sailed I closed with an offer of five thousand for this ship. Five thousand! As soon as you can get your things packed I want you up at the Clyde to superintend the masting and rigging of our new four-master—the Canopus."

Crouch's face beamed.

"Sir," he said, "I did not expect this"

"Nor did I," returned Silas, and laughed.

#### THE DECLINE OF NATIONS.

It would appear that Nature plays with men as she does with the rest of her creatures, causing them at times to swarm forth in numbers that are countless; then for some inscrutable reason she dries up the source of their vitality, and what was once common becomes scarce and rare. It would almost appear as though nations went through very much the same experience as individuals, and as the poet says, 'we ripe and ripe and then . . . we rot and rot.' Perhaps the time has come when the splendour of Western Civilisation is doomed to the same fate that has overtaken the great civilisations of the past, like those of Egypt and Babylon, or Greece, all of which in turn have become food for "the little blades of grass and the little grains of sand."—"Country Life."



#### THE EFFECT OF EDUCATION ON THE VILLAGE SHOPS.

There is one effect almost inevitable, yet not at all commonly realised of the universal spread of education—it will either lower the prices or else drive out of existence the shops in country villages. The prices of commodities—groceries, haberdashery, or whatever they may be—at these small shops are all higher, sometimes ridiculously higher, than the prices of the stores, or even of the big London shops; much more are they higher than the prices of goods obtained more directly from the manufacturers. The small country shops get their patronage mainly from the small country people—the quite poor or the farmers; and if a few of the gentry patronise them it is out of something like charity—"to support the local tradespeople," as is said. But that is not why the poorer classes go to these shops; they do not wish to be charitable. They deal there because London seems very remote, because they are not really acquainted with the advantages of getting things down from London, and in part because the writing of a letter is a great labour. But all this will be changed by the universal education. The people will learn to manage their affairs better and not deal in the most expensive market just because it is the most convenient. And when they arrive at that knowledge, it is hard to see how the small shops are to survive, if it be really true, as their keepers tell us, that they cannot make a profit out of selling their things at the stores' prices.—"Country Life."



The total number of failures in the United Kingdom last week was 154, against 182 in the corresponding week of last year.

The motor-cars now in the United Kingdom represent an expenditure of £15,000,000, and an equal sum is invested in works and plant for their manufacture.—"Engineer."

The wild and barren downs round Salisbury city will be the mustering ground for 40,000 troops this year. On the initiative of Lieut.-General Sir Ian Hamilton, Salisbury Plain is to be a great troop centre for the Auxiliary Forces training for home defence in the summer time.

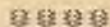
## Gloucestershire Gossip.



Parliamentary elections now-a-days are very tame as compared with what they were in the "good old days," or even in the latter years of public nominations and open voting, of which 1868 saw the last in this county. The Earl of Ducie (who as Lord Moreton sat for Stroud 1852-3), Lord Wemyss (who as the Hon. F. Charteris, was M.P. for the Eastern Division 1841-6), Lord Fitzhardinge (who as the Hon. Charles Berkeley represented Gloucester 1862-5 and unsuccessfully contested the Western Division in 1867 and 1874), Col. Sir Nigel Kingscote (who sat for the Western Division from 1852 to 1885), Sir M. Hicks Beach (M.P. for the Eastern Division 1864-85), Mr. Reginald Yorke (M.P. for Tewkesbury 1863-8 and for the Eastern and Tewkesbury Divisions 1872-86), Sir John Dorington (who first fought Stroud in 1867), Mr. Agg-Gardner (who since 1868 has been fighting Conservative battles in Cheltenham), and Sir H. B. Samuelson (Mr. Agg-Gardner's first opponent) are the only survivors among local protagonists of the days of the hustings. I have a lively recollection of the last public nomination at Gloucester, when a veritable pandemonium reigned, candidates were refused a hearing, free fights were the rule among the "free and independent electors" in the Shire-hall, and one striking incident was the throwing of a live dog towards the platform, and which, falling short, landed on the nape of the neck of one of the reporters beneath. And a certain candidate was assailed with incessant cries of "Who chained up the pump?" accompanied by the elevation of a leaden specimen, with the view of making party capital out of the fact that a pump on his estate had been chained up so as to prevent some casual workmen from quenching their thirst at it.



I have read and heard of many personal things that were said on the local hustings. For instance, when, in June, 1855, Mr. Grenville Berkeley, a Liberal, defeated Mr. William Ridler, an "administrative reformer," in a bye-election for Cheltenham, Mr. Tarrt, J.P., in his speech, remarked that the latter had been proposed by his doctor and seconded by his undertaker, observations that were destined to have peculiar significance when a few months later Mr. Ridler was found dead in bed, his death having been hastened by this election excitement. The late Mr. Barwick Baker made a bon mot in proposing Mr. Adam Kennard as the Conservative candidate for Gloucester in 1865, by concluding, "I hope you will see that Adam is the first man on the poll to-morrow," a wish, however, that was not gratified. Among warm things that I have heard at meetings during the heat of election contests by responsible persons are the statement that one candidate then before the electors had committed electoral offences which would qualify him for "the felon's jacket"; and a peroration to a speech by the late Sir William Guise at the luncheon on March 17th, 1880, when a requisition was presented to Lord Moreton inviting him to contest the Western Division. The bluff baronet then said, "We will go through the division with our fertilising stream of eloquence and cleanse the Augean stable and sweep the Tories to the devil," whereupon a shocked county magistrate at his elbow called out, "I would rather send them to a better place."



It is now other times, other manners, and I must say that generally speaking, there is a commendable improvement in the eschewing of personalities of an offensive character. I wonder what would be thought of a candidate who in these very correct days deigned to play a rub at skittles and to have the gloves on with political opponents on neutral grounds during his canvass, as one Liberal M.P. did in Cheltenham not fifty years ago. And even within the last twenty years I have seen a young Conservative candidate for a county constituency indulge after a mass meeting in Gloucester in bowling cocoanuts off their pegs and smashing glass bottles at shooting galleries at Barton Fair. GLEANER.

The marriage settlements of the Infanta Maria Theresa and Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria were signed on Saturday at the Palace in Madrid.



Edward the Seventh by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King and Defender of the Faith To the Mayor of the Borough of Cheltenham

Greeting Whereas by the advice of Our Council We have ordered a Parliament to be holden at Westminster on the 17th day of January next We do hereby command you that you do cause the time and place of election being first duly given you do cause election to be made according to law of a member to serve in Parliament for the Parliamentary Borough of Cheltenham

And that you do cause the name of such member when so elected whether he be present or absent to be certified to us in Our Chancery without delay

Witness Ourselves at Westminster the 12th day of January in the 35th year of Our said Majesty and in the year of Our Lord One thousand nine hundred and five

MUIR MACKENZIE

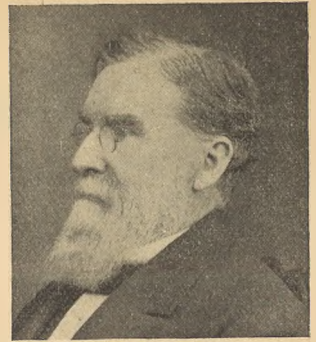
To the Mayor of the Borough of Cheltenham

A Writ of a new election of a member for the Parliamentary Borough of Cheltenham

MUIR MACKENZIE

Crown Officer in Chancery, Palace of Westminster

**CHELTENHAM PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION.**  
FACSIMILE OF THE WRIT.



**A CIRENCESTER WORTHY.**

Mr. William Flux, J.P., who has been solicitor to the Pharmaceutical Society for the past forty-five years, retires from practice this week, his retirement from the firm of Messrs. Flux, Thompson, and Quarrell taking effect as from December 31st, 1905. Mr. Flux was born at Cirencester, in which town he now resides, and was admitted a solicitor in 1856. He is now a justice of the peace and a member of the Standing Joint Committee for the County of Gloucester, treasurer of the Cirencester Society in London, and for the second time Prime Warden of the Worshipful Company of Dyers. All chemists and druggists must be grateful to Mr. Flux for the energy and expert knowledge which he has for so long placed at the service of the society in its intricate work of administering the Pharmacy Acts and in connection with the Parliamentary work which at various times it has had occasion to undertake.—Reprinted from "The Pharmaceutical Journal," 30th Dec., 1905.

**DISADVANTAGES OF A SENSE OF HUMOUR.**

All men think they have the sense of humour, but a good many only prove that they haven't by thinking so. Of course, you and I have it, and whoever fails to see our jokes or discerns anything worth considering in subjects that we consider contemptible, obviously those persons are not burdened with more than five senses, and are to be congratulated. For, after all, what you don't know you haven't got is as good as yours, and they are as pleased with themselves as if they had it, yet enjoy the advantages of living without it. And those advantages are many. If you are afflicted with a sense of humour you can't give yourself airs, or make any swaggering pretence of superior wisdom, or look grandly on those who are merely poorer or less selectly born than yourself, for it all seems too pathetically silly to one who has a sense of what is ridiculous and can see as far as to the end of life. But in this mad world if you don't behave thus foolishly people take you for a fool. Seem important, and nearly everybody thinks you must be; but if you have a sense of humour—whenever you begin to boast or are tempted to pose and excite the admiration of creatures who will be as extinct as yourself in a few years, it pierces you, and you collapse sensitively, as a bladder does when you stick a pin in it. The man who succeeds has got to be narrowly in earnest, to think social eminence of positive value and the prizes of life worth the winning for their own sakes; but a sense of humour turns these things into nonsense, as the touch of Midas turned everything into gold; it gives you eyes to see what their outer splendours are stuffed with, and your adult intelligence is ashamed to be caught playing with them, as a grown man would be if you found him blowing bubbles or occupying his mind with the wooden horses, the painted dolls, and petty imitations of life that amused him in his childhood. Five senses are enough for any of us; a sense of humour is one too many, and the man who really has it doesn't boast of it or pity the men who have none; he envies them, seeing them so amusing and complacently self-satisfied, and he is as reticent of that hampering weakness of his as a cripple is of a club-foot, or a business-like parent of an unpractical and ne'er-do-weel son.—"London Opinion and To-Day."

**MASTER & MAN**  
MR. CHAMBERLAIN—THESE IS PICTURE OF PROSPERITY FOR YOU.  
NOW WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE THAT?  
WORKING MAN—LIKE WHICH?

**MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY MEANS DEAR FOOD**  
CHAMBERLAIN—WOULD YOU PARDON PUTTING THIS CHAIN ON YOUR LEG AND THINKING IMPERALLY?  
SCOTTISH WORKMAN—ASK THE MESSIES AND THE KISSIES IN BILLY WHY LESS TO EAT

**A QUESTION FOR THE ELECTION**  
There's a question that torments us all.  
And touches us twice a day.  
Whenever we drink a cup of tea.  
Do you know what we've got to pay?  
A tax, as much as the tea is worth  
Which makes it plain to see  
We've got to pay a pennyworth of tax  
For drinking a pennyworth of tea.  
Talk of not taxing the people's food!  
Well, I tell you what I think—  
To marry a starving woman and man  
Tea's food and fire and drink, it is.  
Food and fire and drink, it is.  
And it don't seem an' right to me  
To make them pay a pennyworth of tax  
For drinking a pennyworth of tea.

Issued by  
**THE ANTI-TEA-DUTY LEAGUE**  
35 PARLIAMENT ST. LONDON

**VOTE FOR SEARS**  
AND THE REMISSION OF THE WAR TAX ON TEA

**LIBERAL PLACARDS**





CONSERVATIVE PLACARDS.

GENERAL ELECTION.—The Cheltenham Campaign.



Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner and his Brother.

THE BOON OF DUST.

Dust is not always "dirt." Under certain conditions it is matter in the right place, and fulfils a beneficent function in the economy of nature. It belongs to that large category of things which, to the man in the street, seem to be of little significance and yet are vastly important. There is no such thing as waste in the workshop of the universe. All things contribute to the upbuilding of some newer life. It is one of the workshop of the universe. All things contribute to the upbuilding of some newer life. It is one of the glories of our present science to abolish the word waste altogether. The housewife may tell us what she thinks of dust by trying to banish it from her sacred dominions. But when a ray of sunshine enters the room, through blinds or shutters which are not light-proof, dust tells us what it thinks of the housewife. There is a column, or it may be a broad sheet, of dancing, silvery particles, showing that, in spite of the best regulated springclean, the dust has the last word.

However much we may try to get rid of it, this atmospheric dust has a place in nature which is clearly defined. Dust is part of the machinery which produces cloud and rain. It is also a protection from the sun; without it the sun's rays would be unbearable. We are familiar with the fact that sunburn—the same effect as is produced by exposure to a naked arc light—is more easily acquired on mountains than on the lowlands. The most probable explanation is to be found in the comparatively dustless air in the mountainous regions. Under the weather conditions which now bring rain a dustless atmosphere would mean a much greater degree of discomfort than rain ever brings. Trees and buildings would be dripping with moisture; our clothing and the parts of our which are exposed would be constantly wet; umbrellas would be classed among the other curios which serve no useless purpose; and, instead of trying to conquer the dust in the house, we should have to face a much greater enemy in wet floors and dripping walls.—From "Dust: What Science Says in its Favour," in T.P.'s Weekly."





International Hockey Trial Match—South v. West—played in Cheltenham, January 6, 1906.  
WEST OF ENGLAND TEAM.

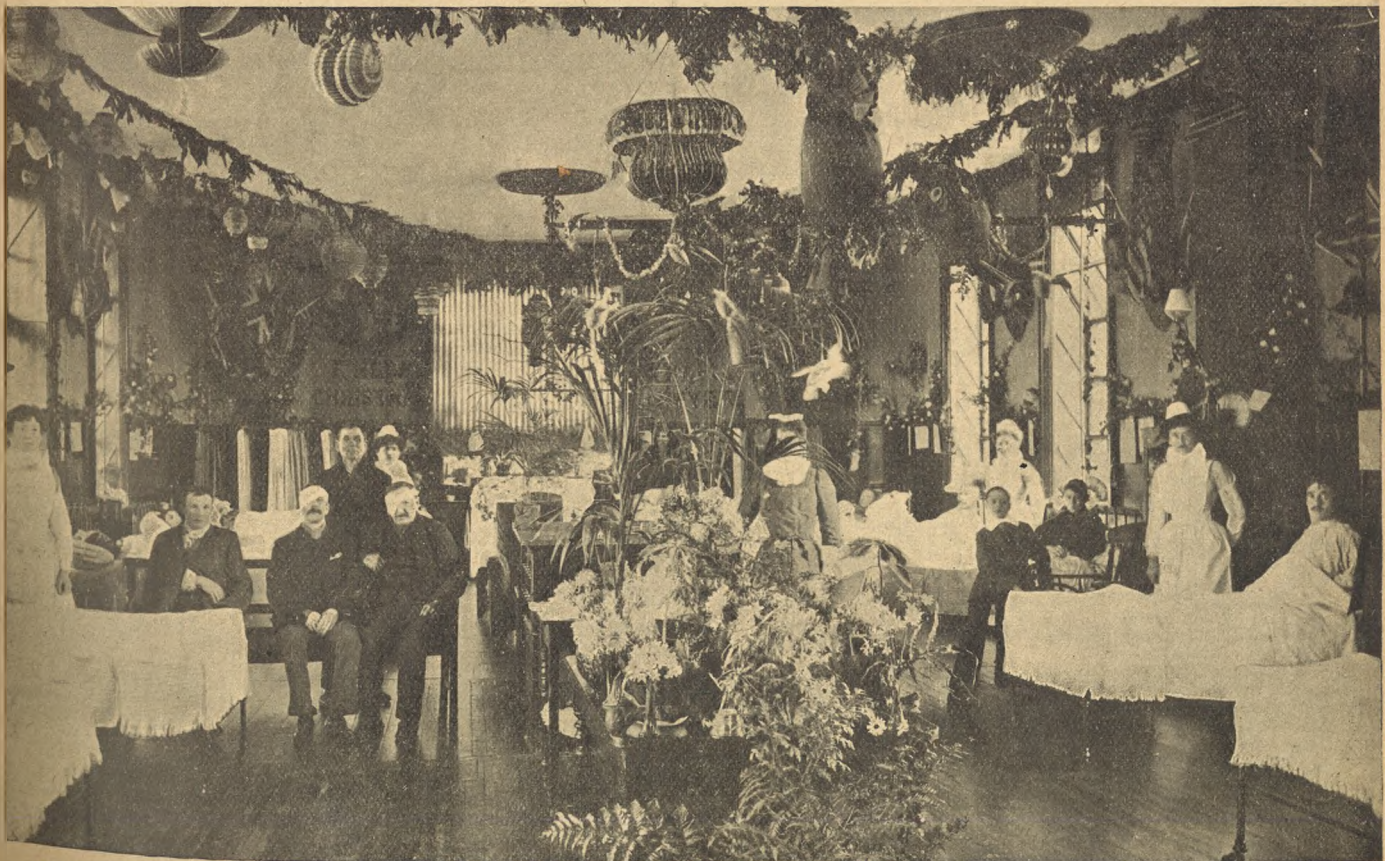


**THE GALE IN CHELTENHAM.**  
POPLARS ON COLLEGE GROUND LAID LOW DURING FRIDAY NIGHT'S GALE.





SOUTH OF ENGLAND, WHO PLAYED TEN MEN ONLY, AND WON BY THREE GOALS TO NOTHING.



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN No. 8 WARD, CHELTENHAM GENERAL HOSPITAL.





**STOW'S SOLDIER SONS.**

**UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.**

Seven members of one family (three sons and four brothers) attached to I Company (Stow) 2nd V.B. Gloucester Regiment.

Back row (reading from left to right): Privates C. F., A. J., and H. R. Hookham, sons of Corpl. H. Hookham (seated in centre of group).

Sitting: Corporals W. E. Hookham, H. Hookham, R. Hookham, and Private E. Hookham (brothers)

The following particulars concerning this family will be read with interest:—

- Corpl. H. Hookham, enrolled Jan. 19th, 1874 \* †
- Corpl. W. E. Hookham, enrolled Mch. 3rd, 1890 \*
- Corpl. R. Hookham, enrolled Jan. 19th, 1895 \*
- Private E. Hookham, enrolled Jan. 25th, 1898 \*
- Pvt. C. F. Hookham, enrolled May 22nd, 1900
- Pvt. A. J. Hookham, enrolled Jan. 22nd, 1901
- Pvt. H. R. Hookham, enrolled Jan. 14th, 1902 \*

\* Marksmen. † Volunteer long service medal.



**REV. H. F. CHIPPERFIELD,**

THE RECENTLY-APPOINTED BAPTIST MINISTER AT NAUNTON.

Nephew of a former pastor of Naunton Baptist Church, and who has relatives residing at Lower Guiting.



**WEST v. SOUTH HOCKEY PLAYERS.**

The following are the names of the players appearing in our photos of the teams taken before the above match:—

South.—C. G. Beasley (Kent), goal; J. L. Stocks (Oxford University Occasionals), H. S. Freeman (Middlesex), backs; F. S. Kidd (Kent), R. B. Heygate (Middlesex), J. L. Beaumont (Cambridge University), halves; N. Nightingale (Surrey), H. R. Jordan (Surrey), H. J. Goodwin (Cambridge University), and P. M. Rees (Surrey), forwards.

West.—E. W. Ebdon (Somerset), goal; H. A. M. Parker (Gloucestershire), Alan Jenkins (Devon), backs; C. R. Cole, A. M. Tyndall, C. L. Davey (all Gloucestershire), halves; H. M. Butterworth (Wilts), J. Butland (Gloucestershire), R. Cromie (Dorset), Captain Levy (Dorset), and M. K. Davis (Gloucestershire), forwards.

**PRINTING! PRINTING!!**



ARTISTIC & GENERAL  
**PRINTING!!!!**

AT THE . . .  
**"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS**

Devon farmers have arranged weekly shoots to reduce a plague of wood-pigeons, which are seriously damaging the crops.

Mr. Carnegie has contributed £2,000 towards the cost of the free library which forms part of the new municipal buildings erected in Bideford.

The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Harmer) is giving £100 a year for five years to the new Diocesan Society. An inaugural meeting was held at Rochester on Saturday, when it was stated that £3,000 would be required for the society's work during 1906.

The North German Lloyd Co.'s steamer Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, from New York, landed at Plymouth on Wednesday, the largest consignment of silver ever brought to England by one steamer. The total weight was about 110 tons, and the value just under a million dollars.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 264.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1906.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.0) AND EVENING (7.45),  
"Sergeant Brue."

NEXT WEEK:

"DR. WAKE'S PATIENT."

Times and prices as usual.

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,  
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.

#### SOME BEAUTIFUL PALMS.

A few species of palms easily occupy the premier position among popular decorative plants. What would the decorator of to-day do if he could not obtain Kentias, Livistonas, and Phœnixes in large quantities? But are we not too conservative in our choice of plants for our tables, rooms, halls and conservatories? There are many palms beside those we grow that have charms of form, habit, and even colour, but they never get a chance to come out to court favour. We can remember when Kentias were as rare as "spotted Cussums," when Cocos weddelliana fetched £5 5s., where it now only realises 2s. 6d. or less; when Cocos flexuosa was known only in botanical gardens, and when a Phœnix was voted too stiff and prickly for use anywhere.—"The Garden."

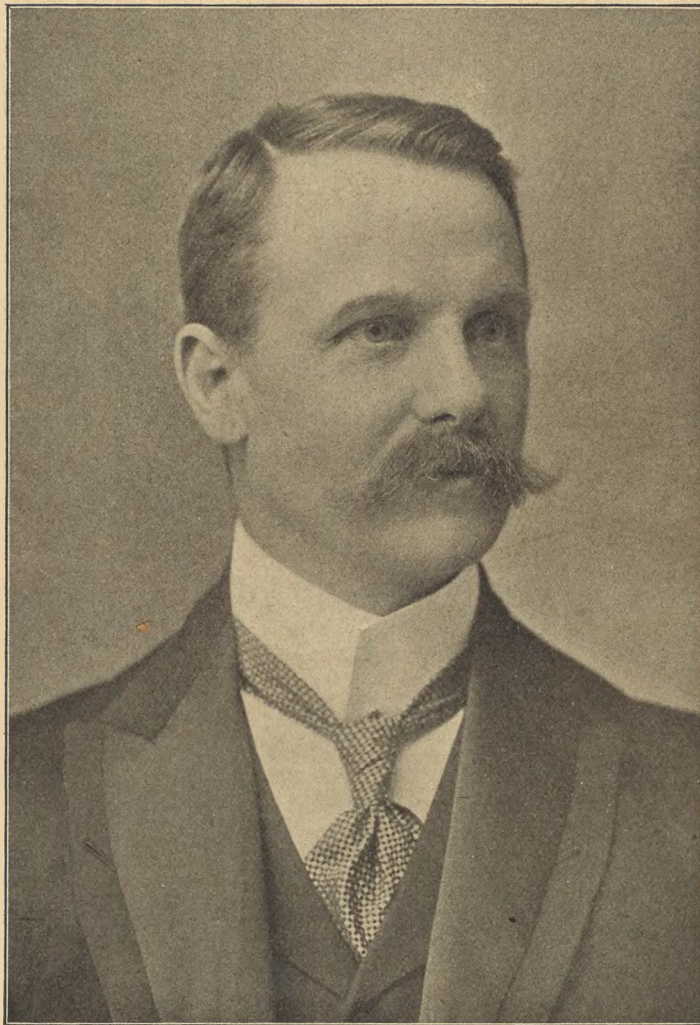
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

#### SHOULD BOYS CHOOSE THEIR OWN PROFESSIONS?

Look where you will, you see the same small tremor staring you in the face (says the "World and His Wife"). Boys who should have been engineers turned soldiers; boys who would have made first-rate fighting men converted into clergymen; boys who always had a leaning for the Church stuck down for life at office-desks. The desire of the British parent is like the immutable will of the foreign autocrat; and the son to give him due credit, seldom dreams of remonstrance—at least, until it is too late.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Miss Elizabeth Bacon died on Monday at Longley Bucks, at the age of 86. As Miss Poole she was a famous mezzo-soprano, and sang in English opera at Drury Lane as far back as 1841.



MR. JOHN E. SEARS, M.P., L.C.C.

ELECTED M.P. FOR CHELTENHAM JANUARY 16TH, 1905.

#### A RAT'S CLEVERNESS.

A gentleman living for some time in a bush district of Australia was accustomed to have cream left at his door in a narrow-necked jar. Finding the jar empty for several consecutive mornings, he determined to rise early and watch for the thief. What was his surprise the following morning to see a huge rat beside the jar, sending his

long tail down to the bottom, bringing it up coated with cream, licking off the same, and repeating the process until the jar was empty! As the neck of the jar was too narrow to admit of his head, he had hit upon this novel method of obtaining the cream, which was certainly cleverness worthy of a better object.—A. L. B. in the "Animals' Friend."





**MR. J. T. AGG-GARDNER,**

CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE AND EX-M.P. FOR CHELTENHAM.

**POLITICAL SINCERITY.**

Are we not inclined to judge politicians too severely? The man who wants to consider himself particularly clever, outside the arena of politics, generally has something flippant to say about government by party, or accuses both sides of insincerity. Of course, this sort of thing adds to the gaiety of an election. It prevents a too, too serious view being taken of the contest. But are we not apt to overdo it? If the whole thing is, to use a colloquialism, a game of "spoof," the system of Parliamentary Government may as well be swept away, and a reversion be made to the delightful condition of things which existed before Parliamentary institutions came into existence. No sane man will argue for a moment that even the submerged tenth is worse off now than its equivalent in the fifteenth century. It is true that it is on the verge of starvation, but in the good old days it was actually allowed to starve. I do not say this for the purpose of minimising the seriousness of the unemployed question, or in the endeavour to make small of the terrible blot which it constitutes upon a country of our boasted prosperity. I only say it to prove that even the most miserable section of our community at the present moment compares favourably with the masses in the days before party influence was compelled to be brought into requisition to ameliorate the condition of the people. No; I don't believe in the wholesale "loaves and fishes" accusation, and I am broad-minded enough to think that there are sincere men in all sections of political life. The wise elector is he who, through

a patient study of history, is able to find the party whose efforts have been accompanied by the greatest good to the greatest number, and vote accordingly. If we subscribe to the creed now, unfortunately, so industriously disseminated, that all politicians are humbugs, we may as well shut up our Parliamentary shop and throw out of the window all our national ideals. I don't believe in the creed. There is a pretty considerable leavening of the mass, and if a man is opposed to your own particular view of a question he is not necessarily a modern Dick Turpin.—"London Opinion and To-Day."

**PLANTING FRUIT TREES.**

Advice in planting hardy fruit trees has been repeatedly given, but the reiteration is necessary, as mistakes are continually being made, and the subsequent correction is a matter of the greatest difficulty. A fallacy has got abroad that equally good results may be had from fruit trees planted without regard to the time-honoured common-sense methods. This must have arisen from the distorted rendering of conclusions or a strange misconception of the facts. Not long since it was gravely asserted at a gardeners' meeting that the care ordinarily advocated and exercised in such work was so much wasted time. The mere record of such doctrines must have a pernicious effect. There is quite sufficient tendency to carelessness, on the part of beginners especially, without encouraging its extension by a misdirected pseudo-scientific advocacy.—"The Garden."

**THE PASSING OF THE DETECTIVE.**

The detective in literature is hardly more than fifty years old, but already he is passing into decay. He has enjoyed extraordinary popularity, and may even claim to be the only person equally beloved by statesmen and by errand boys. His old achievements enthrall as ever. But he makes no new conquests. He presents now the bare problem, "White to play, and mate in three moves." . . . Henceforth he retires to limbo, with the dodo and the District Railway trains. He carries with him the regret of a civilised world.—"The Academy."

**THE JOVIAL M.F.H.**

The command of a fox-hunting country cannot be successfully filled by any sportsman who aspires to the dignity which in most cases indubitably attaches to the office. Mere wealth or social eminence, while to a large extent helpful to the average F.F.H., are of little avail if his sporting instincts are not right, or if he lacks in good-fellowship and tact when dealing with the farmers, land-owners, covert-owners, and subscribers. Nobody in a hunting country is so much the centre of criticism as the M.F.H., and especially is this the case when he happens to hunt his own hounds. In one important country last season hopeless friction arose between the Master and his subscribers on the question of hunting the pack. It was suggested that he should employ a professional huntsman; but having hunted hounds himself in different parts of England for many years, the Master refused point blank to entertain the idea, and the inevitable result was a change in the management of affairs.—"The Bystander."

**A RIVAL TO CHOSEN CHURCH.**

The lonely church perched on the summit of Brent Tor, on the borders of Dartmoor, between Okehampton and Tavistock, is one which, by reason of its lofty situation, is visible for miles round. A legend, precisely similar to the one in regard to Chosen Church, near Cheltenham, runs that when this church was being built its site was placed close to the village in the valley, a situation easily reached. This did not suit his Satanic majesty, and so every night he removed the work done during the day, and taking the stones to the hill-top dropped them there. He very shrewdly thought that piety, under hill-climbing conditions, would not be of hardy growth. But the builders of that church did not give in without a struggle, and so they painfully brought the stones down again which the devil had removed with such ease. This happened several times, and each night the stones were again taken away. At last human patience could no longer endure, and the devil had his way. The church was built on the lonely hill-top.

**WHAT LEGAL TERMS MEAN.**

To most persons the phrase "This indenter witnesseth" is as much Greek as the other common phrase, "Witness my hand and seal." Yet both are relics of the time when these legal forms carried with them a significance not obtaining at present, writes a "T.A.T." contributor. Legal documents were once engrossed upon parchment, because paper cost so much more than dressed skin. The parchment was seldom trimmed exactly, and the top was scalloped with the knife, hence the term "this indenture." Even where the lawyers have departed from the custom, still obtaining in England, of using parchment for their legal forms, the phrase has been retained. In the same way the signature of "hand and seal" is a relic of those olden times when only clerks and the clergy could wield the pen. It was the custom for the contracting parties to lay their hands upon the document in token of their good faith, and there remained a smudge. As these original thumb-marks were not easily identified, the gentry added their seals for the purpose of further establishing the validity of the document. It may not be generally known that a seal is still required in law, though the need for it passed with the spread of education, and the bit of red paper affixed by the lawyer is as necessary for the signature to certain documents. A court or law is a reminiscence of the time when justice sat in the open courtyard, and the "dock" is from a German word meaning a receptacle, while the "bar" is a Welsh word, meaning a branch of a tree used to separate the lords of justice from their vassals. The entire phraseology of the Bench is reminiscent of the earlier days, but having been proven proper, has been retained.





MR. SEARS AND HIS AGENT.



MR. AGG-GARDNER AND HIS AGENT.



CHELTENHAM CANDIDATES' CARRIAGES.



THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR GLOUCESTER AND HIS WIFE (MR. AND MRS. TERRELL), SIR LIONEL DARELL, BART., AND MR. R. V. VASSAR-SMITH.

## CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTER ELECTIONEERING.

MR. A. W. VEARS, MR. H. KNOWLES, MR. SIDNEY LANE, MR. LINDSAY VEARS, MR. LEO TALBOT, AND MR. \_\_\_\_\_



COUNCILLOR JOHN FIELDING, ALDERMAN JAMES FIELDING, COUNCILLOR BROWN, ALDERMAN HARDMAN.



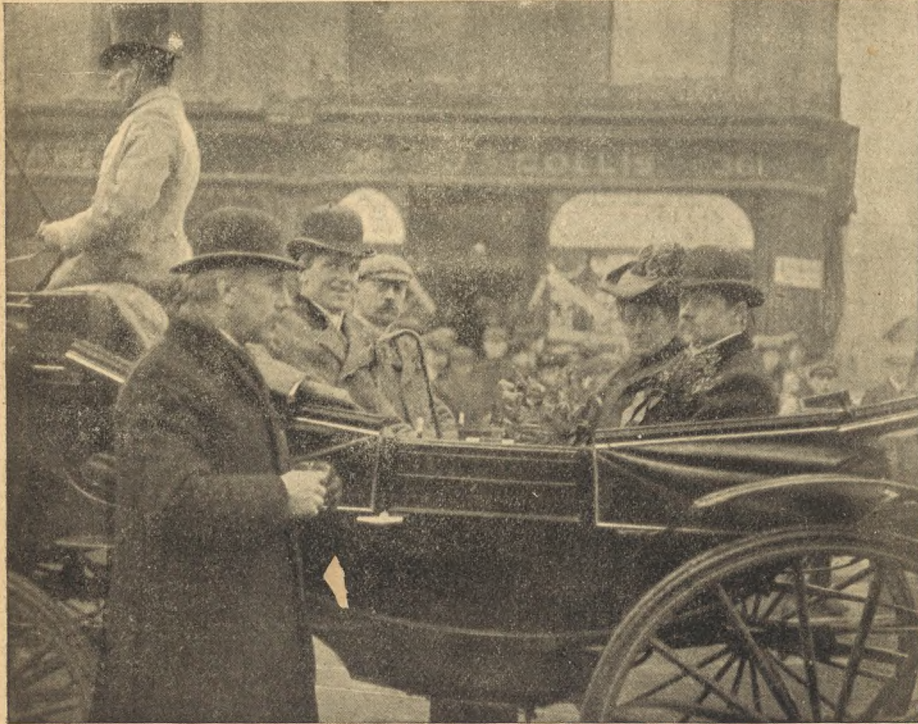
COUNCILLOR HARLAND BOWDEN, MR. COURTENAY WELLS, MR. R. J. WELLS, MR. A. W. VEARS, AND MR. R. PHILLIPS.



INSIDE A GLOUCESTER POLLING STATION (SPA PUMP-ROOM). MR. G. F. JEBENS (Presiding Officer) and MR. J. A. LUGG (Clerk), the two on the right, and THE PERSONATION AGENTS.







MR. AND MRS. SEARS DRIVING ROUND THE BOROUGH IN THE RAIN. A CONSULTATION WITH MR. JONES (AGENT) OUTSIDE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ROOM.



TWO OF MR. AGG-GARDNER'S PROMINENT SUPPORTERS (MR. A. LAMB AND MR. McLACHLAN) BRINGING VOTERS TO THE BOOTH IN MR. McLACHLAN'S MOTOR.

### ELECTION DAY IN CHELTENHAM.

Election Canvasser: "What does your husband think of the fiscal question, Mrs. Hodge?" Mrs. Hodge: "Well, sir, when 'e's a talking to a Protectionist 'e's a Free Trader, and when 'e's talking to a Free Trader 'e's a Protectionist, and when 'e's a talking to me 'e's a raving lunatic!" —"Punch."

Sir Walter Gilbey is seriously ill with an attack of pneumonia.

Ralph Shackle, who was described by the police as "the laziest man on earth," was committed for trial on Wednesday at Clerkenwell for refusing to maintain himself.

### THE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

Away in the north-eastern corner of the huge subscription-room at Lloyd's lies the "Chamber of Horrors," the members' familiar term for the space devoted to the posting of losses and casualties to vessels, British and foreign. Many a terrible tale of the sea is told on those mahogany walls; many an obituary notice is written there, is being understood that "friends accept this, the only intimation."

But it is not of the positive records of death and disaster of which I wish to speak, but of the negative.

At the side of one of the windows is a narrow board, with "Missing Vessels" in gold letters at the top. When a steamer or a sailer is posted as "missing," a small printed card bearing one sentence only is pinned up. It is a short announcement of the name of the vessel, voyage, captain, and a few other particulars, and the ending is familiar to every underwriter, "has not since been heard of"—words which are terrible in their implied meaning.

There may be no card, but then, look! there is something even more awful. The board is thickly studded with pinholes, and those holes are too numerous to be counted; in fact, the wood is so much worn away by the pins that soon the committee will be compelled to order a new board. Four pinholes mean a card, i.e. the complete disappearance of a vessel, and whoever looks on the worn wood may reflect that each hole is in effect the grave of half-a-dozen men.

How the boats have vanished, who can say, but during last year exactly half a hundred vessels have figured on the board, and one thousand men have disappeared.

Long before the official announcement of "missing" is made, the children of many a British home look vainly for "Daddy," many a mother daily scans the papers for news of her "boy's" boat, many a wife sits at a fireside night after night awaiting the letter which never arrives, until at last the hopelessness dawns upon her. Yet speculators go on gambling in the sixty, eighty, and ninety guinea rates charged by the overdue underwriters, with never a thought of the agony. "Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher; "all is vanity."—Innes H. Stranger, in "London Opinion and To-Day."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

### LORD LONSDALE'S JUMP.

Chandler's wonderful jump at the Warwick meeting years ago, when the horse is said to have cleared 39 feet, is still the subject of many discussions in steeplechasing circles; but in Leicestershire there are more interested now in talking of Lord Lonsdale's great jump when out with the Quorn Hounds, near Dalby Station, on Friday, December 15. The jump consists of double post and rails, with a young quick hedge and a small stream between them, a distance of between eight and nine yards over the rails. On the top of the far rails was stretched a strand of barbed wire. It was a mighty leap, and that it caused something of a sensation can readily be imagined.—"The Bystander."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

### THAT COSTLY LUXURY A WEDDING.

It has become customary for everyone, even the merest acquaintance, who is asked to a wedding to make some sort of an offering (says the "World and His Wife"). The result is that when a girl is going to be married she simply rakes her address-book for destinations for cards. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, a wedding was considered a matter for the respective families of bride and groom, and a certain limited number of intimate friends. In those days a wedding invitation was considered a privilege instead of, as now—a bore.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

One of the witnesses in a case at the Chiswick police-court on Wednesday was of such ample proportions that she was unable to enter the witness-box, and had to stand at the side of it and give her evidence.

A Bristol police-inspector was fined on Wednesday for allowing the police-station chimney to be on fire. The alternative was three days' imprisonment, which the inspector said would be a nice rest.



END OF PICTURESQUE WAR.

FRENCH GENERAL ON FIGHTING OF THE FUTURE.

The veteran French officer, General de Negrier, has given to the "Revue des Deux Mondes" his criticisms of the Russo-Japanese campaign. The chief lesson which the general draws from the Eastern battlefields is that the old tactics of Napoleon must return. Victory will be with the army which attacks and attacks again. The trenches with telephone communications, the tangles of barbed wire, the pits with sharp stakes, the electric mines, have all failed to keep off the conquering attacks of desperate and well-led troops. The next lesson to be learned is the breaking of many grand old traditions. The galloping trooper who reminds one of the old days of the tournament must go. Cuirassiers and hussars, dragoons and lancers, will all be merged in one force of cavalrymen, all in the same uniforms, exchanging busbies and helmets for the wide felt hat of the modern soldier in the field. The new cavalryman will carry the infantryman's rifle which has already been issued to our English troopers, and he will fight for the most part on foot, using his horse as though it were a mere bicycle to carry him from place to place. And the infantrymen must leave his volley-firing, learn more individuality, and keep his bayonet for a last resource.



OVER-RIDING HOUNDS.

On several occasions in the Shires this season grave complaints have been made of the shameful way in which hounds have been over-ridden. I do not say that it is always the "undesirable" element which is guilty of over-riding hounds and misdemeanours of that kind. I am sorry to see that men who are good subscribers, and are thought to know better, are sometimes the worst offenders. Jealous riding is responsible for a great deal of the mischief, and also the dangerous habit of riding to points instead of riding hounds. In the latter instance, if hounds turn sharp towards you, it is extremely likely that you will get right among them before you have fully realised the danger. Then the Master makes some withering remark, and you feel decidedly uncomfortable for the rest of the day. The secret of successful riding to hounds is to watch exactly what hounds are doing, and then, if you are not the veriest novice, you will be prepared for such emergencies as a quick turn or a sudden check.—The Bystander.



VAIN SELF-SACRIFICE.

It is rather amazing to me that so many people seem positively anxious to make trouble for themselves. Self-sacrifice, for its own sake, would only be admirable if one had not sufficient and even urgent occasions for self-sacrifice for some more beneficent reason. In the novels which are written by ladies for ladies I used to note in my old reviewing days that the hero was generally a perfect glutton for self-sacrifice. He was always renouncing something; he was always giving up the girl and going to foreign parts, where he invariably gained distinction on the battlefield. He did not want to give up the girl, and the girl did not want to be given up. He simply did it to oblige the villain, or because he could not think of anything else to renounce. The idea that I was expected to admire this ass was peculiarly irritating.—"London Opinion and To-Day."



A great auk's egg was sold in London on Wednesday for 200 guineas.

It is expected that the first train will be run through the Simplon tunnel next week, the work being now practically completed.

While they sat at their annual dinner on Wednesday night, the Torquay Fire Brigade were twice obliged to respond to fire alarms. One proved to be false, but the other was a genuine fire. This is the second experience of the kind which has happened to the brigade recently.

Early on Wednesday morning there was another extensive landslip on the famous Shakespeare Cliff at Dover, the allotment gardens on the inland side of the cliff path being swept away. Thousands of tons of chalk debris now extend seaward at the foot of the cliff.



THREE WELL-KNOWN TRADESMEN. MR. HUDSON (OF GEORGES LTD.), MR. BILLINGS, AND MR. FRANK STEEL DISCUSSING TARIFF REFORM.



MR. PATES, SEN., EXPLAINS THE EVILS OF PROTECTION TO MESSRS. ROBERTS, BECKINGSALE, JUN., AND ANOTHER.

ELECTION DAY IN CHELTENHAM.

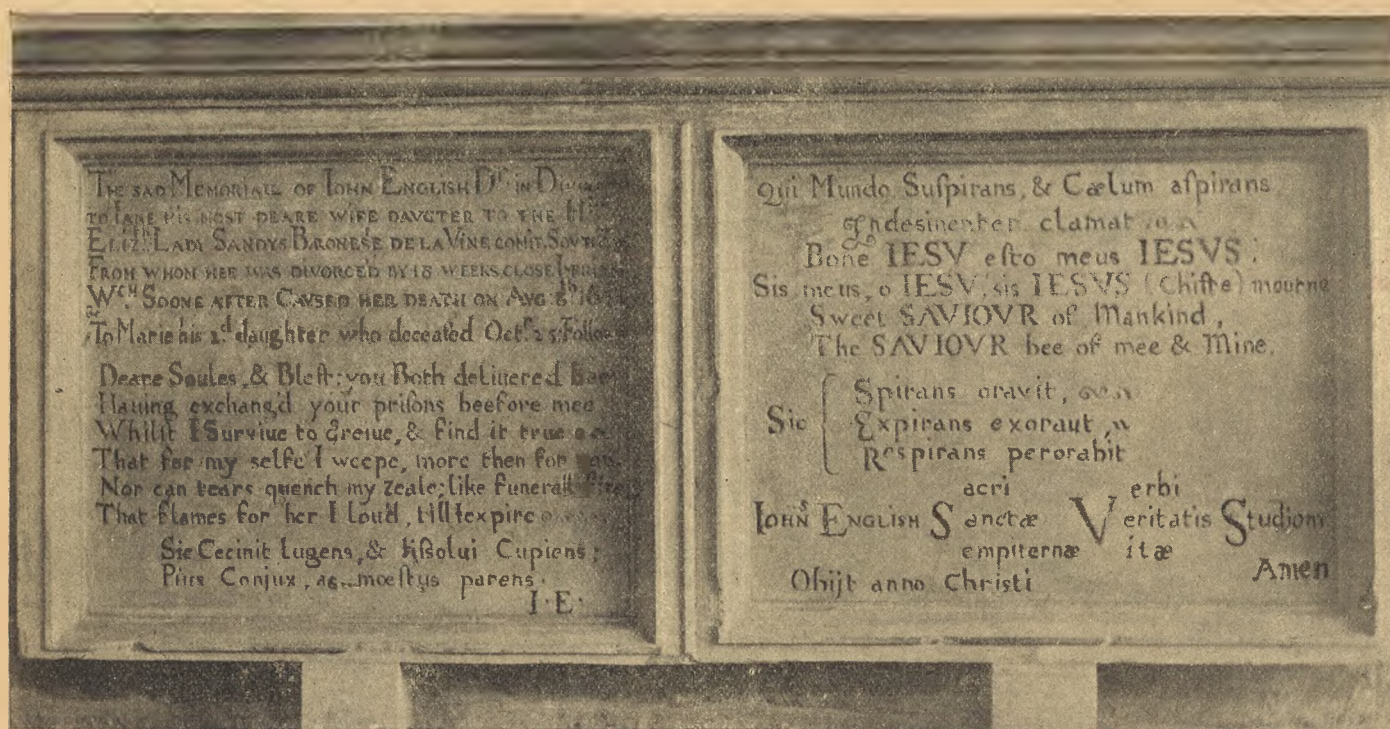
The latest craze in San Francisco is wearing waistcoats and jackets made of asbestos, which, when they are soiled, are sent to a firm which cleans them by making them white-hot.

An ancient ring, which from its inscription is supposed to have belonged to Buerried, King of Mercia, has been found on the site of a Roman camp at Wanborough, Wilts.

The Belgian Government, acting on the unanimous advice of the technical services, has decided in favour of Krupp war material for the army and navy.

Indian official statistics show that Germany now ranks third in importance among the various countries of the world both in the value of the import and the export trade of India.





ONE OF THE OLDEST MEMORIALS IN CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH, DATED 1645, WITH QUIANT INSCRIPTION.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

By the elevation of Sir Michael Hicks Beach to the peerage and his selection of the title of Viscount St. Aldwyn, of Coln St. Aldwyn, in the county of Gloucester, the small number of "Saints" in the House of Lords is increased by one. I do not refer to canonisation, for no present member of the Upper Chamber has been immortalised in this way, but no one knows what may be in store for any one or more of them in the dim and distant future. I mean that among the nearly 600 temporal, spiritual, and representative peers there are only eleven "Saints," namely the Duke of St. Albans, Earl of St. Germans, Viscounts St. Vincent and St. Aldwyn, Bishops of St. Albans, St. Asaph, and St. David's, and Barons St. John of Bletso, St. Leonards, St. Levan, and St. Oswald. The "Echo" was well within the mark in publishing the rumour that Sir Michael would probably be Lord Beverston, and I have good reason for saying that the reason he had to forego his intention was because his grandfather has sold his property in this parish; therefore, Sir Michael selected the next best title, that of St. Aldwyn, the name of the parish in which he resides and has territorial interests. Already one London newspaper has prophesied that "Some of us will be sure to call him Lord Aldwych, after the new County Council crescent in the Strand. Well, it will not matter if they do not call him anything worse than that. Sir Michael was in a transition state on the Monday that Parliament was dissolved, and he happily referred to it at the banquet of the Faith and Friendship Lodge of Freemasons by saying he was no longer an M.P. (as put on the toast list) and he would not know till the morrow what his other title would be.

\* \* \*

The commencement, on the 8th inst., of a daily service of goods trains between Gloucester and Bambury, with the aid of the new loop lines at Hatherley and Chipping Norton Junction, is, I believe, but the forerunner of still more important developments of traffic over this branch line. We can look forward to a service of fast trains between Leicester and Rugby and South Wales with Cheltenham, having to use Leckhampton station (Cheltenham South) instead of St. James's-square station. I have been interested in improvements that the G.W.R. are generally making in the heating arrangements of their waiting-rooms and offices. The

open firegrates are being replaced by patent stoves, which burn anthracite coal, and only require feeding every 24 hours. It is confidently expected that these stoves will soon pay for their cost in a great saving of coal consumed, while the rooms will be warmer. Railway companies, like persons, are obliged to economise in these days.

\* \* \*

Out of the thirteen candidates nominated for the seven constituencies of Gloucestershire only four of them can be said to be "native, and to the manner born." This is the smallest proportion that I can remember, and a cursory examination of the records certainly confirms this. It is not a healthy thing that both political parties in an important county like this should have to import their champions. While the candidates have to work much harder in attending meetings than they did before household suffrage was introduced, the facilities for getting voters to the poll in rural constituencies have vastly improved with the development of railways, the provision of easily accessible polling-stations, and in the introduction of motor-cars. Even presiding officers and poll-clerks found the "autos" most serviceable in getting to and from remote stations with the ballot boxes away upon the Cotswolds on Thursday. It is too much to expect that the history of 52 years ago this very month will be repeated next week in a large portion of the old Eastern Division by a sweeping victory for the grandson of the man who beat the Free Trade candidate (Mr. Edward Holland) by 1,019 votes, and thereby secured an unchallenged Conservative reign of 31 years in the division. After all, I think many people will be thankful when the general election is over. It has upset even Sunday School children, for only last Sunday the curate of a certain Gloucester parish had to tell the youngsters, when catechising them in church, that they really must leave off discussing politics there, or he would have to keep them in late.

GLEANER.

It has been decided that the four native orderlies to the King to be sent home from India this year shall be Mussulmans.

Sir Frank Lascelles, British Ambassador, attended a banquet on Sunday given by the Ladies' Lyceum Club, Berlin, the object of which was to attest the desire for an improvement in Anglo-German relations.



MISS OLIVE TERRY,

One of the famous theatrical family, who takes the title role in "Dr. Wake's Patient" at the Cheltenham Opera House next week.

Men of the American Sixth Field Battery concluded a 1,100 miles march, accomplished in thirty-five days, in tatters, and their horses were reduced to skeletons.

It was stated on Saturday that Dr. Wynn Westcott, the forner for the north-eastern district of London, held no fewer than 1,251 inquests during the past year.

A court in Philadelphia has decided that a wife may search her husband's pockets, but that he has no legal right to look in his wife's pocket-book without her permission.



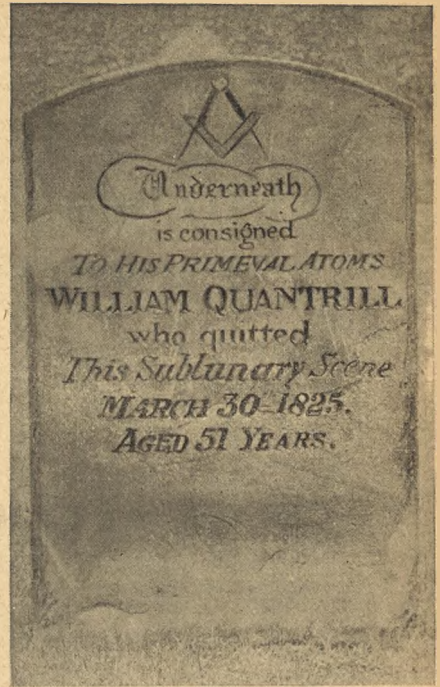


**PISCINA IN CHELTENHAM PARISH CHURCH.**

On the south side of Cheltenham Parish Church chancel there is a richly wrought Piscina (a water drain) for the use of the priest after officiating at the altar.

Turning their attention to the further embellishment of the church, the builders provided for the high altar a piscina of far more handsome design than the one of earlier date. Though much mutilated, it tells its own story of the principle of decorated construction which dominated the work of church architects in the 14th Century. "It consists," says Mr. Middleton, "of two oggee crocketed arches, opening one towards the altar and the other westward. It has a battlemented cornice and single buttresses. At the corners under the cornice are much-mutilated carved statuettes. One of them, holding a sword, probably represents St. Paul. Of the easternmost one nothing remains but the pennon or flag which the figure held. This was possibly John the Baptist, or perhaps the risen Christ. The others are not distinguishable. The whole thing is much mutilated on its eastern side, and it is possible that there was originally a recess for a credence here. The flat space round the basin often served for this, and in some cases it was a moveable table."

The single basin which the Piscina contains is a guide to the date when it was erected. During the 13th Century and the early part of the 14th, Piscinæ were provided with two basins, one for the rinsing of the priest's hands and another for the rinsing of the chalice after Mass, a drain from each basin carrying the rinsings into the earth. Before the middle of the 14th Century the earlier practice was reverted to, and the priest drank the chalice rinsings, and from that time onwards Piscinæ were provided with only one basin.



**QUAINT INSCRIPTION ON A FREEMASON'S STONE IN CHELTENHAM OLD PARISH CHURCHYARD.**

**PRIZE COMPETITIONS.**

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 164th prize has been awarded to Mr. Frank H. Keveren, of Stoke Villa, Charlton Kings, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. C. E. Stone at Salem Baptist Church.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

Sergeant T. Rusbent, a veteran of the Crimean War, has died at Walthamstow, at the age of 79. He became a Yeoman of the Guard in 1877.

The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed at Rangoon on Monday elephants at work in a timber yard moving and stacking logs.

Sir David Salomons, Bart., has offered to the Aero Club, of which he is a life member, a valuable prize for the first mechanically-propelled aeroplane constructed in this country which succeeds in flying a given distance and returning to the point of departure.

The Rev. J. Darlington, vicar of St. Mark's, Kennington, has been so successful in banding together in a religious brotherhood the drivers and conductors of the London County Council tramcars, that he is now endeavouring to form a sisterhood among the men's wives.

**PRINTING! PRINTING!!**



**ARTISTIC & GENERAL  
PRINTING!!!!**

AT THE . . .

**"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS**



"SELINA JENKINS" ON ELECTION DAY.

Yellow! why, I should think it were yellow. Everything looked yellow Tuesday nite; even Amos 'ad a bilious attack, and looked as yellow as a guinea; up to the greengrocer's the oranges and bananers and daffy dillys was turned a brighter yellow for the occasion; the electric lites and the gas lamps, the Corporation concert posters, the fog, and the moonlight—they was all yellow to a man; not to mention they there torch-lite processions as went through the streets on Monday nite and burnt good Liberal yellow color, all of em!

Holler? I should think I did holler when the result was made known. Why, wot with excitement and a hindivooal a-standin' on one of me feet, I hollered till I 'adm't got no v'ice left to speak with, wich I 'ad to make signs to Amos wich way to go when the crowd begin to move, just fer all the world like one of they deff and dum' alfabits!

But, as the poet says, "Wot do that matter?" It was a glorious victory. "It was, it were, it am." Talk about yer "shuffle and sham." Where is it now? that's what I want to know.

And then, outside the Liberal Club, when "Old Dan Tucker" come up the street a-bangin' and a-tootlin' till further orders! Amos and me was up on one of the winder-sills of the Gas Works, being the reserved seats, as you mite say; but even up there the pressure was so immense and opparalleled that I distinctly 'eard the glass crack in the winder! Still, wot's a bit of glass to a gas works, esspeshully when there's sich a glorious victory, after 20 years of mis-rule; wich I says 'Ome Rule may be bad enuff, but it's a tidy site better'n mis-rule!

Enery Gaskings, he must get up onto the top of the gates in front of the Liberal Club and 'old 4th about the one and only working mann of Cheltenham, as 'ad looked out the train and all that fer Mr. Sears to go back to London by! The timetable must 'ave been a very old one, wotever. Still, I says this, 'owever: Let 'em alone as 'ave counted their chickens afore they was hatched; the pore things 'ave 'ad a uncommonly 'ard time of it, and if they be down, I don't 'old with trampin' on 'em! We knows wot it is to be trampled on so long, as we've got used to it; but, as fer they, well—they'd got to think of Cheltenham as a place wich was predicted in the Scriptures to always remain "blue," and it's a very sad thing that after they've gone to the expense of all that 'andsome blue house in Albion-street, and that there himposin' torch-lite procession, not to mention bands up and down the streets all nite, I can tell you, it's a very sad thing to see it's all no more use than if they'd throwed the money out in the road! They do say as Mr. Agg-Gardner left 'is top-'at and umbrella in the 'Ouse of Commons unbreller stand, thinkin' fer certain he'd be back agen there in a week or 2! But, there! there! Wot couldn't be done by all the strugglin' and the shoutin' of these many years—to get a "yellow" win in Cheltenham—was done to cnce, d'reckly Mr. Agg-Gardner said he followed Balfore! Cheltenham folks took him to his word, and he did follow Balfore—OUT OF PARLIAMENT!

Cheer! I should think I did cheer! I waved me umbrella (the same as 'ave figgered in 1,000 conflicts), with a yellow bow on the 'andle of it, ontill somebody in the crowd run against the end of it rite on the side of 'is 'ead! He were very disagreeable fer a bit, ontill he see'd I were the rite color, when he said he were willin' to let me do it agen, if it give me any pleasure, bein' liberty all and down with slavery! Somebody got out on to the front verandah of the Liberal Club and 'rote things on the wall with a piece of chalk. I couldn't see what it was; but, law bless you, I cheered and Amos cheered and everybody cheered ontill we was black in the face and very near stopped the clock in the Post-office! Talk about yer All Blacks! Talk about yer "Shall we whack 'em!" It were a never-to-be-remembered site as one after the hother hanged out of the club winders and tried to address the multitude, wich was all labor thrown away, because you couldn't make out nothink, 'oeps that when their arms went round like a windmill we knew it were the time to cheer agen!

But I never told you 'ow Amos voted!—law bless me 'eart and sole, 'ow a body wanders on—I must tell you, because Amos's vote was the 400 and 14th (see bills). You must know that there was a mistake somewhere as to wich way I were goin' to let Amos vote. Both sides was pretty keen on us, and, you mark my words, if a luvly great motor, all covered with blue ribbings, didn't snort up to the garding gate soon after breakfast, with compliments and "Would Mr. Amos Wilkins kindly record 'is vote now, as the pole was likely to be 'eavy?" It was me as opened the dore, so I sees a chance of a bit of a laff, and I says to Amos, "Amos," I says, "you leave it to me," I says, "We'll give 'em the 'Blues,'" I says.

So I hups and I says to the young man in charge—the "shover," or wot you calls 'em—"Wot d'you misrepresent then, mister?" I says, "Mr. Agg Gardner," says he, "ma'am, wich we shall soon give the other fellow the rite-about-face!" he says. "Ho, thanks!" says I. "I was thinkin' p'raps you misrepresented the Blue Ribbing party by yer appearance, and 'ad jest j'ined. Do you want my 'usband?" "Yes, please, madam," he says. "Is he ready to record his vote?" "Well," I says, "I'm a firm believer in wimmen's sufferings," I says, "and where he goes I goes! So if you'll wait a bit I'll put on me bonnet and shawl and come along of you! I shouldn't mind a ride in yer motor, not at all," I says. So I goes in and puts on me things and calls Amos down from up-stairs, where he were puttin' on a yellow tie! "Take it hoff!" I says. "Can't you see this 'ere motor's a "blue" one, and you won't get a free ride if you shows yer colours too soon!"

Well! we gets into this 'ere thing in fine state, I can tell you; wich I leans over to the man at the wheel, and I says, "Young chap," I says, "I wants to do a bit of shoppin' on the way. I s'pose you won't mind?" I says. No," he says, "only I musn't stop out too long fer fear," he says. "Hall-rite!" I says, "becos of coorse I shan't let my 'usband vote onless we gets our bit of groceries first!"

So we led 'im and 'is motor a nice little dance, I can tell you. We went rite up the other end of the town fer a quarter of tea; and then rite down Lower High-street very near to Tewkesbury Bridge fer a sample of some soap as was bein' give away; and I don't mind tellin' you as we took that there motor miles round all sorts of side streets jest to ask parties as I 'adm't seen fer years and years 'ow they was in their general 'ealth! After about ten calls, the young chap says, says he, "Ere," he says, "aven't you nearly done with yer groceries? This 'ere ain't a bread-cart or a railway van, and I shall cop it when I get back fer wastin' time!"

"Don't you talk so," I says. "You stick to yer machinery! If you don't oblige me, I shan't let my 'usband vote, and that settles it!" I says. "But," I says (struck by a 'appy thought), "if you likes, I knows a tidy few folks as very likely won't venture out to vote; wich, if you'll drive round, I'll make 'em come along in this 'ere car, and they can all vote on lump, as they calls it."

Bein' a softish sort of a chap, he agreed to this. So I takes 'im round and collects old John Andrews, as 'ot a 'Ome Ruler as you ever seed, and Hezekiah Gaskings, and Garge Gibbons, and 2 or 3 more, a reg'lar out and out "yellow" lot (wich of coorse I went in and told 'em the joke afore they come out to the motor; and all the way along to the pollin' booth they was pretendin' to land up Chamberling to the skies, and tellin' about wot a bad lot these 'ere Liberals was, wich was tryin' to pull down the churches and afterwards burn them to the ground, bein' rather a tuff job, in my hapynion!

When we drives up to the pollin'-place, there was a tidy few folks about with blue rosettes and bunches of vilets; so a old chap, as looked like a retired lord, 'elped us out of the motor, as if we was come to a Mayor's Deception, and everybody bowed and scraped till further orders.

I was walkin' into the place with Amos, but the pleeceman stopped me, and he says, "Outside," he says, "lady! No ladies admitted!" "Wot's that?" I says. "No ladies admitted! And who said I was a lady, I should like to know? Wich I be a wimmen's sufferings, and where my 'usband goes I goes, to see he don't vote wrong." "Can't 'elp it," he says; "them's my orders; no ladies or women admitted! You must write to the Government about it."

"Well, but look 'ere," I says, "who pays the taxes?" I says. "'Ere's tea; who pays the tax

on tea?" I says; "answer me that," I says. "There's sugar," I says; "who pays the tax on sugar?" I says. "Why, it's me, out of my 'ouse-keepin'!" I says. "And here you won't even let me in to see me 'usband vote agen sich him-famouses! I calls it scandalous, I does! Call yerself a pleeceman!" I says. "Who pays fer you and yer upkeep?" I says. "Why, me," I says, "out of the poor rates!" I says.

"Egscuse me," he says, "but you must really go outside, or I shall 'ave to give you in charge," he says; so hout I 'ad to go, in the wet drizzle; but I can tell you I give it 'ot to a lot of small boys as made a remark to me as was intended to be familiar, outside the dore!

Well! So all they men went in to vote; they was a good time inside; but at last they comes out, lookin' as if they'd done a 'ard day's work.

"Thank you, my good people," says the lordly individooal; "thank you, one and all." I winks to Amos. So he says, "Same to you, sir, and many of 'em! Beg parding, sir," he says, "but mite I be so bold as to ask if that there car's yours?" "Yes, it is, my good man," he says. "Well," says Amos, "I think there's been a sort of a mistake somewheres!"

"Why, wot d'you mean?" says Mr. Lord-knows-who.

"Well, it's like this 'ere, sir," says Amos. "Me and my mates 'ere 'ave jest come up in it, and it's a funny thing we never thought to ask whether we was in the rite car!"

"Why, my good man, you don't mean to say you've—"

"Well, yes, sir, that's just wot it is! We've all voted yellow, and we thought we ought to thank you for the nice ride we 'ad in your car! Thank you, sir," he says; "Good morning, sir!"

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—And the onkind wretch actooally made us walk 'ome! No wonder the Liberals won by 401—the one bein' Amos's vote! I knows it was, becoss he wrote 'is name on it, not being so vulgar and unilliterate as to make a mark, not le!

WOMAN'S PART IN THE ELECTION.

At no time has woman's interest in social questions and political issues been greater than it is to-day. Whether we can show the judgment and knowledge of practical life, whether we are sufficiently logical (man or woman, who is?) to claim that withheld vote, at least one virtue about woman is certain, and that is her devotion to her principles. Of course, all women are not greatly interested in politics (nor are all men), but among those who are, none will work harder, or will sacrifice more in the coming fight—probably, alas! none will be more bitter—though, on the other hand, none will more eagerly catch their men-folks with the infection of enthusiasm than a particular section of the women of England. Ah, well, history but repeats itself. Now as ever, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." —"Lady Phyllis" in "The Bystander."

BLUE BLOOD IN FICTION.

We have probably never been less democratic than we are to-day; and that mfallible index of the state of the public mind, the output of novels, has been showing this for years. Since that great story "The Prisoner of Zenda" founded a school, the professional bookman's table has seldom been without at least one new novel of the royal life. A prince is as usual now in a story meant for popularity as he is in a fairy tale.—E. C. B. in "The Bystander."

American exports to France in 1905 totalled £14,000,000, and imports £18,000,000.

Everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well; therefore be thorough.

The following advertisement appeared in an American paper recently:—"For sale, Newfoundland pup; will eat anything; fond of children."

A box of red primroses, grown in the open-air near Torquay, was delivered on Monday to a West End -orist.

A blessbok antelope, the first of its kind ever born in captivity, was born on Saturday at the Scottish Zoo, Glasgow.

In the Swedish budget appears an item of £55,555 to cover the expenses connected with the dissolution of the union with Norway.



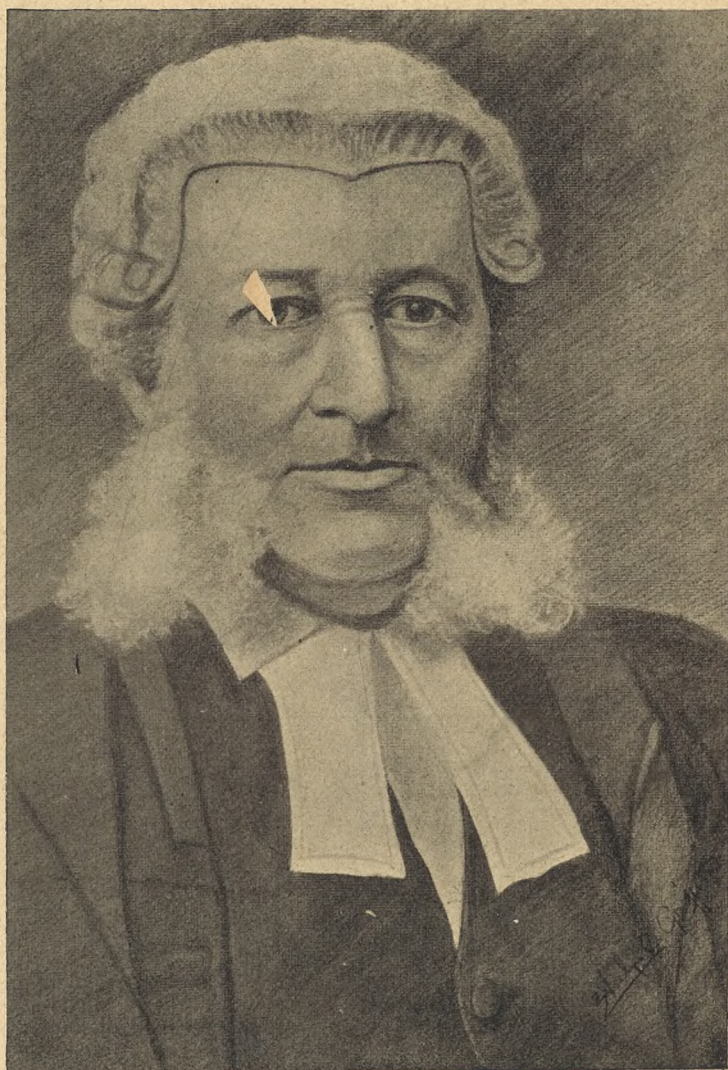
# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE (AND) GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 265.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1906.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



**THE LATE MR. GEORGE S. GRIFFITHS,**  
A PROMINENT BARRISTER ON THE OXFORD CIRCUIT AND AT THE  
OLD BAILEY.

Mr. Griffiths, who died at his residence, No 200 Sutherland-avenue, London, W., on January 12th last, was born in Madras in 1832, and was one of the Griffiths family of Marle Hill, Cheltenham. He enjoyed a large practice as a criminal barrister, and bravely continued his profession for many year- although afflicted with blindness. The photo is that of a crayon portrait by Miss Evelyn C. Griffiths, daughter of the deceased gentleman.

### CHELTENHAM THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE.

THIS AFTERNOON (2.0) AND EVENING (7.45),  
"Dr. Wake's Patient."

NEXT WEEK:

"ON THE LOVE PATH."

Times and prices as usual.

**A. S. BARTHOLOMEW,**  
WINE MERCHANT, BEER BOTTLER, and  
MINERAL WATER MANUFACTURER,  
419-420 HIGH ST, CHELTENHAM.

Very Old Scotch & Irish Whiskies.

Old Tawny Port 2/6 & 3/- per bot.

Australian Wines in Flagons.

"Imperial" Ginger Wine 1/- per bot.

Price Lists on Application.

### YEAR'S PLAY IN LONDON.

The following is a census of the games played in L.C.C. parks and open spaces during the year ended September 30th last:—Cricket, 22,379 games; football, 16,525; hockey, hurling, and shinty, 1,755; lacrosse, 251; lawn tennis, 70,096; bowls, 17,683; quoits, 1,323; croquet, 1,460. There are 451 cricket pitches and 220 football spaces; and special places are reserved for all the other games mentioned.

\* \* \*

Mr. George Brown has just died at Rushall, Norfolk, in his eighty-ninth year. He came of a family remarkable for its longevity. The deceased's grandfather was a centenarian, his father attained the age of ninety-four, and several of his brothers have passed the allotted three-score years and ten.

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A telegram from the Viceroy of India states that according to the last reports the total number on relief works was 151,306. Good rain had fallen over a great part of Madras, and some in Bombay, the Carnatic, and Deccan.

\* \* \*

Dr. Bourne, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, has delivered into a gramophone a message on the education question, which is to be repeated at meetings throughout the country.

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To give an impetus to recruiting, the War Office are about to publish the histories of the famous cavalry regiments, which will be distributed to the public.



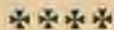


MR. SEARS, M.P., AND MRS. SEARS AND SON OUTSIDE QUEEN'S HOTEL THE DAY FOLLOWING ELECTION.

**A LIFE FOR A LIFE.**

On the night of the storm that made October 14th, 1881, a day of bitter memory to many, there stole on board the Cyprian, at Liverpool, a poor stowaway. The steamer was bound for Genoa and other Mediterranean ports. The Cyprian had scarcely cleared out of the river before the captain and all his crew must have regretted that they ever left Liverpool. A half-gale was blowing at the time of starting, and in a few hours it increased to a hurricane. Not a single individual had had a minute's rest since leaving Liverpool. The seas were so powerful that men were washed from one end of the deck to the other; and when it was found that the steamer, now left without any means of navigation, was drifting towards the Carnarvon coast, the captain called all hands and told them that it was a case of every man for himself. Gradually the doomed vessel drifted upon the Welsh coast and struck upon the rocks. It was now, indeed, a case of every man looking after himself. One after another of those who had lifebelts dropped over the vessel's side into the water. Captain Stratchan was ready to jump for life, for home, for safety, when, just at that moment, he saw the pale and terror-stricken face of a poor little stowaway. Yesterday, he was a young scamp, to be held worthy of the rope end; now he was a wretched creature, left alone on the sinking steamer. A few hours ago he was a miserable creature, living on the crumbs that fell from the ship's table; but now the captain only remembered that he was a human being, to be saved, is possible—at any rate, not to be left behind. Without a word, Capt. Stratchan

unbuckled the life-belt from his waist and lashed it upon the little stowaway, bidding him save himself, if it were the mercy of Providence that he should do so. "I can swim," said the captain; "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway, lifted upon the surf like a cork; over the side went the captain, trusting—like the good brave fellow that he was—to his strength, enfeebled with long watching anxiety. But swimming was impossible in such a sea. The boat-swain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down never to be seen again. The little stowaway, with the captain's belt about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, sorely bruised but alive, to tell the story of his strange fate and his noble friend's heroism. The moral of such a story is discerned in its recital. Words would be wasted in saying more of the perfect humanity and fearlessness of a man who gave up his best chance of life for one of the least of "these little ones." John Stratchan, of Great Crosby, un-lashing his lifebelt—with two miles of white water between himself and the shore—to tie it upon the boy who had stolen a passage with him, is a figure which tells us, with new and noble force, that manhood is stronger than storm, and love mightier than death.—"Great Thoughts."



Dr. Barnardo's Homes have received £1 from a Samoan schoolgirl.

The Kaiser has conferred a chain of brilliants and the Order of the Red Eagle on Count Witte.

**PRIZE COMPETITIONS.**

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Summary of a Sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award.

The 165th prize has been divided between Mr. C. A. Probert, of 58 Brighton-road, and Mr. Percy C. Brunt, of 12 Clarence-square, for reports of sermons by the Revs. F. B. Macnutt and Thos. Bolton, at St. John's and Wesley Churches respectively.

Entries close on Tuesday morning. The sermons will be found in the "Chronicle."

**PRINTING! PRINTING!!**



ARTISTIC & GENERAL  
PRINTING!!!!

AT THE . . .  
"ECHO" ELECTRIC PRESS



## Gloucestershire Gossip.

This Liberal avalanche has led me to look into local election history. By the Reform Act of 1832 thirteen seats were assigned to Gloucestershire, excluding Bristol; and the Liberals carried eleven of them, while two Conservatives (Lord Apsley and Mr. Joseph Cripps) had a walk over for the borough of Cirencester. Three of the Brothers Berkeley were returned—Grantley for the Western Division, Maurice for Gloucester, and Craven for Cheltenham, while their brother Henry was elected for Bristol. At the general election of 1868, following upon the next Reform Act, which reduced the representation of the boroughs of Cirencester and Tewkesbury from two members to one each, eight Liberals and three Conservatives were elected, two seats going to the latter in the Eastern Division without a fight. In March, 1880, when Mr. Gladstone was returned to power with a great majority, the relative position of the members remained the same, though the Conservatives had walks-over in the Eastern Division and Cirencester. The next Reform Act of 1885 further reduced the number of members by four, one seat being taken from Gloucester, while Stroud (with two members) and Tewkesbury and Cirencester ceased to be borough constituencies, and were merged into portions of the five new county divisions created, to each of which one member was assigned. Then all the seats were contested, and five fell to the Liberals and two (Cheltenham and the Tewkesbury Division) to the Conservatives. And there have been elections within the last 73 years when the Conservative members have exceeded the Liberals, notably in 1835, when there were seven to six; in 1847 and 1865, eight to five; in 1874, six to five; in 1886, four to three; and in 1895, six to one. Now, with the result of the polling yesterday in Thornbury unknown, one cannot absolutely say whether the Liberals have carried six of the seven seats at the present election.

\* \* \*

A few nights ago I was fixed up in a little Cotswold town, and, finding the time hanging heavily before I retired to bed at my hotel, I enquired whether there was anything going on in the shape of amusement, and elicited that a Liberal meeting and a theatrical performance of "It's never too late to mend" were the only attractions. I elected to go to the latter, which was vigorously presented by a company of strolling players. One act was entirely devoted to a highly-drawn representation of English prison life, in which there was a most inhuman gaol governor, whose brutality led to one girl convict's death. The man who played the governor also enacted the role of an Australian bushranger in a subsequent act.

\* \* \*

Three nights after, I had a strange and unexpected, yet interesting, sequel to my experience on the Cotswolds. Attracted by an advertisement in Cheltenham, "Come to the convict ship, moored in Gloucester Docks; you'll be delighted," and remembering that I had seen a photo of this craft in the "Echo," I resolved to accept the public invitation. I found at the head of the Old Basin, within a stone's throw of H.M. Prison, and illuminated by gas, a show vessel, named the "Success," which had served as a convict ship in Australian waters. She presented a weird appearance, for there were ranged out on the decks various instruments of punishment, or rather of torture, to which the convicts had been subjected; and in the cabin cells were the waxwork figures of the most notorious of them, including bushrangers, who had been therein confined. Another proof of the truth of the saying that a Gloucestershire man is generally in everything was forthcoming in the counterfeit presentation in wax of John Young, a native of Coleford, in this county, who was one of the Pentouilles sent to Geelong, where he placed poison in the tea of his comrades, a plot which, however, was discovered, and his crime brought him a sentence of 12 years on the "Success." And after Young's release, he, on Dec. 28th, 1864, murdered the young wife of a miner named Graham, for which he was hanged on August 21st, 1865, in Castlemaine Gaol. I was specially interested in the condemned cell aboard, and although there was a notice prohibiting writing or cutting on the teak timbers, some wag had boldly written thereon in red pencil "Russell Rea," a subtle allusion, no doubt, to the phantom ships of the line for the port of Gloucester.

GLENER.



MR. BEN BATHURST ADDRESSING SUPPORTERS AT CIRENCESTER AFTER THE DECLARATION OF POLL.



MR. AND MRS. BURTON STEWART, WITH MISS JENNER DAVIES, MAKING A MOTOR TOUR OF MID-GLOUCESTER CONSTITUENCY ON ELECTION DAY.





MR. AND MRS. SEARS AND CHELTENHAM LADY LIBERALS.



CROWD LISTENING TO MR. C. P. ALLEN, M.P., OUTSIDE STROUD LIBERAL CLUB AFTER DECLARATION OF POLL.

#### A SOLDIER'S SACRIFICE.

St. Petersburg, January 21.—On the recommendation of Lieut.-Gen. Damloff, the Czar has singled out for special honour Private Ivan Kanatoff, of the 13th Eastern Siberian Rifles, who was selected by the Japanese surgeons out of twenty Russian prisoner volunteers who offered to sacrifice part of their flesh to enable the surgeons to save the foot of Captain Leberdieff, which, without the aid of live flesh, would have to be cut off. On October 9 Kanatoff allowed the surgeons to cut off a slice of his leg, refusing the aid of an anæsthetic. A remarkable feature of the case is that all the Japanese Press announced and proclaimed this heroic action on behalf of a comrade in captivity, and offered it as a pattern for the behaviour of the Japanese soldiers.—Laffan.

Mrs. Mary Elliott, of Louth, Lincolnshire, has just died at the age of 110 years.

The Duke of Connaught is inspecting the troops quartered at Bloemfontein.

King Alfonso has signed a decree opening a credit for the laying of a cable from Cadiz connecting Spain with the Canaries.

Deprived of the State subsidy by the Separation Act, Roman Catholics in France are devising means for the support of their churches.

In reply to a correspondent in Devonshire, Berry, the late executioner, states that not one of the 500 people whom he hanged was a teetotaller.

Fifty-six nightshirts were among the articles left in trains on the Great Eastern Railway which were sold by auction at Bethnal Green on Wednesday.

For abolishing fifteen public-houses in Sunderland, the authorities have paid £9,567, which absorbs all last year's compensation fund and part of next year's.

The Rev. Dr. Atkinson, Master of Clare College, Cambridge, to whom the University is paying the unprecedented compliment of presenting an address of congratulation on his fifty years' tenure of the mastership, is the oldest head of a college at Cambridge, and has been Vice-Chancellor of the University on three separate occasions.





DECLARATION OF CIRENCESTER DIVISION POLL AT CIRENCESTER CORN HALL.  
MR. DENT BROCKLEHURST (THE COUNTY HIGH SHERIFF) ANNOUNCING THE FIGURES.

ARMY COMMISSIONS.

\*  
PROPOSED AID FOR "RANKERS."

At the close of his meeting at Gullane on Wednesday night, the Secretary for War was subjected to some questioning upon Army affairs. He was asked whether he was in favour of some scheme whereby six or seven Army commissions would be put up for competition annually amongst non-commissioned officers of the cavalry, artillery, engineers, and infantry. Mr. Haldane replied that the matter required the very closest consideration, and he would be doing wrong if he pledged himself to any answer at this stage. He was investigating all these things with the closest attention, and the question of the distribution of commissions was one that had engaged his notice. Of course he could not speak of it until he had taken fullest counsel of his experts, and decided on a plan which would cover a great many other matters than that (others). He also stated that he was looking into the question of giving State aid to men who rose from the ranks to commissions in order to enable them to maintain their position and meet their obligations.



FUNERAL OF A CABHORSE.

For fifteen years Bobby had worked strenuously for Mr. G. F. Oxley, a Bradford cab-owner, and, worn out, he formed on Wednesday the prominent feature in his own funeral procession. He was eighteen years old, and was a gift to Mr. Oxley from his mother, but he was past work, and was condemned to be shot. The funeral procession, which had been announced in a local newspaper, started from Mr. Oxley's livery stables in the city, and travelled to a stable three miles away, when the enthanasia was celebrated. First in the mournful train came an empty hearse, behind which Bobby walked, led with a white band by a cabman in a tall hat and dressed in black. Six cabs followed, filled with men whose usual place was on their boxes, and all in tall hats and mourning. On foot followed fifty other cabmen, for the most part in the customary suits of solemn black and the ceremonial silk hat. Funeral cards were given to each of the mourners, and on them was the following epitaph:—

"A hero was he to the last,  
Away a better never passed;  
Toiling and striving for many a day,  
When asked to work he would ne'er say neigh."



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD HAWKER,  
OF OXFORD LAWN, EAST END, CHARLTON KINGS,  
WHO CELEBRATED THEIR SILVER WEDDING ON  
JANUARY 22, 1906.





CROWD OUTSIDE STROUD SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS AT DECLARATION OF POLL.

**THE MOTOR BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

The Unionist success at the electoral Battle of Hastings is a tribute to the power and efficiency of the motor-car as an electioneering weapon. Those motorists, and I believe they are many, who have refused to lend their cars to anti-motorist candidates should more than ever pursue this line of conduct. Vote like a good citizen for the cause you think best, but let your car also have a vote. In combination, motors spoke with no uncertain voice at Hastings. It is reasonable to suppose that at every future bye-election, by a little organisation, quite thirty or forty motors could be placed at the disposal of a candidate who favoured sensible motor legislation. It is the duty of the Automobile Club to profit by the experience of the Battle of Hastings. By careful arrangement and co-operation, motorists should be able to concentrate a force of cars at any bye-election. Every candidate will then have to express himself clearly on the speed-limit question. —Alfred C. Hunter, in "The Bystander."



**MISTAKES IN ORCHARD PLANTING.**

When planting apple trees in permanent grass orchards it is very important that varieties should be selected which have a free growing habit and make good trees, and disappointment is often the result of not observing this rule. By way of illustration, Stirling Castle and Lane's Prince Albert are two of the most prolific apples in cultivation, and also two of the most profitable, but Nature never intended them for grass orchards. Under this style of culture they invariably produce fruit buds at an early stage, but they make little or no growth, and five or six years from the time of planting they are little bigger than at the outset. In orchards the first thing we want is growth, to establish the trees, and the fruit will follow, and, therefore, varieties which have a tendency to make little growth should be avoided. The place for Stirling Castle, Lane's Prince Albert, and others of similar habit is as bush trees in a fruit plantation, where they quickly pay interest on capital. —"Agricultural Economist."

**MIXED METAPHORS.**

In the feverish election through which we have nearly passed it has seemed to me that the good old English practice of mixing metaphors has been, if anything, stronger than ever. One splendid Radical told his audience that the Home Rule red-herring would not hold water. A robust Unionist informed his friends that a certain clause of the Education Act "was the marrow of the Act: it was founded on a granite foundation, and spoke in a voice not to be drowned by sectarian glamour."—"The Bystander."



**OIL FUEL IN THE NAVY.**

H.M.S. Cricket, the first of the new coastal torpedo-boat destroyers built for the Admiralty under the 1905 and 1906 Naval programme, was launched from Messrs. White's yard at Cowes on Tuesday. The vessel has many important improvements. She will burn oil fuel only, and her turbine engines will possess increased power for going astern, making her much more handy than vessels with this means of propulsion usually are. She is to travel 26 knots.



The failing eyesight of the nation is very much a "bogey," said Dr. Meachen in a lecture at the Institute of Hygiene on Tuesday. The national sight is not deteriorating merely because more people wear glasses than formerly.

It is stated from Paris that the French nation will present to Miss Alice Roosevelt on the occasion of her marriage a magnificent Gobelin-tapestry. The tapestry, which will be a veritable artistic triumph, will shortly be despatched to the United States.

At a meeting held on Tuesday at the Society of Arts, presided over by Sir William Broadbent, it was decided to form an alliance or society having for its object the bringing together of the people of culture in Great Britain and France. It was announced that nearly three hundred persons had signified their intention of joining.



**MR. PERCY HUTCHISON**

(for many years stage-manager and producer to Sir Charles Wyndham), who will appear at the Cheltenham Opera House next week in "On the Love Path," a new play by the author of "Leah Kleschna."

In eight seasons 64,000 sparrows and large numbers of rats and starlings have been destroyed by the Billericay Sparrow Club in Essex.





SOME OF MR. AGG-GARDNER'S SUPPORTERS BEING CONVEYED BY TRACTION ENGINE "LORD KITCHENER" TO VOTE AT CHELTENHAM ELECTION.



CROWD OUTSIDE MIDDLE-STREET POLLING STATION, STROUD, CHEERING MR. BURTON STEWART, WHO HAD JUST ARRIVED ON HIS MOTOR.



CROWD CARRYING OR PUSHING "CHARLIE" ALLEN FROM STROUD SUBSCRIPTION ROOMS TO LIBERAL CLUB AFTER DECLARATION OF POLL.





DECLARING TEWKESBURY DIVISION POLL AT GLOUCESTER SHIRE-HALL.

Taken from the house of Mr. F. King, hairdresser.



THE COUNTY HIGH SHERIFF, THE CANDIDATES, AND SIR LIONEL DARELL  
MAY BE HERE IDENTIFIED.

A new fad in London society consists in bearing a sweetheart's photograph on the finger-nail.

Three of the chiefs of the Milan police have arrived in London to study the working of the police system here.

On the front of a Great Northern express which arrived at King's Cross on Wednesday from Edinburgh was found a sparrow frozen to death.

Experiments are being carried out with a view to cutting down the cost of sailors' outfits. Serge is likely to take the place of blue cloth for several articles of attire.

Among the farm labourers who received prizes for long service in the Torrington district of Devon was a man who had been in the same employment forty-six years and four months.

A school of marine engineering, established at Poplar by the Education Committee of the London County Council, was opened by Sir William Collins, M.P., on Wednesday evening.

The dearth of clergymen in the Nottingham district is troubling the Bishop of Southwell, who is convening a meeting of the laity to consider the question.

To perpetuate the memory of the late Sir Richard Fitzherbert, for twenty-four years rector of Warsop, Notts, the parishioners are about to erect stained-glass windows in the church.

The French Consul at Philadelphia, M. Pesoli, is trying to have judged insane a wealthy lady, Miss Louise Wright, who, according to Laffan, asked him to give French lessons to her pet dog.

Samuel John Voisey, sexton of Cullompton Church, Devon, for fifty years, has just died. He attended every funeral held in the churchyard during the half-century he held office, and saw eight vicars come and go.